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JOHN BULL

Vol. XXXIII. No. 872. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1923. TWOPENCE.

Edited by CHARLES PILLEY

? SAVED
ASK YOUR GROCER
Jaeger's Treacle
SWEET & MELLOW
DO NOT THROW AWAY THE TIN WITH REFUSE
3d per lb Cheaper

THE LARGEST NET SALES OF ANY 2d WEEKLY PERIODICAL IN THE WORLD

MY TURF SWINDLES!

HOW WOOTTON WAS FOOLED

by P.C. (Pat) Barrie

IF YOU HAVE TRIED EVERYTHING ELSE
FOR FOOT TORTURES

you are now ready really to appreciate the marvellous effects produced by a foot-bath in the medicated and oxygenated water which can be prepared only by adding REUDEL BATH SALTRATES. Official Holders of the World's Walking, Running and Sprinting Championships always use this remarkably effective "Reudelated" water, and they say that nothing else will do.

FOR immediate relief and a really lasting cure, one cooling, refreshing, healing and antiseptic foot-bath in "Reudelated" water is all you need. This solves for anyone the problem of how to get rid of the intense torture produced by sore, tender, tired, aching, burning, smarting, swollen and perspiring feet, weak arches, corns, callouses, blisters, chilblains, or any other bad foot troubles.

To instantly medicate and oxygenate the water for a foot-bath, simply dissolve a tablespoonful of Reudel Bath Saltrates in about a gallon of water. Millions of packets of this remarkable compound were used in France alone during the war. The medicated water not only cures and prevents foot troubles, but also banishes any muscular aches, strains, sprains or pains, rheumatic swellings or stiffness, eczema, rashes, insect bites and similar tortures.

THE HARDEST TEST to which any foot treatment has ever been subjected.

In spite of terrific and long-continued strain it probably would be impossible to find feet to excel in physical perfection those possessed by Edgar C. Horton, the World's Champion Walker, who won the recent London to Brighton walk in the remarkable time of 8 hours 27 minutes 12⅗ seconds. Not a corn, callous, or other blemish mars them. Like the rest of this endurance marvel's wonderful physique, his feet are sound as the proverbial bell, and never show the slightest sign of any weakness. Was this always the case? It was *not*. Before the time Horton began to set up world's records which his nearest competitors have seldom been able even to approach, he says foot fatigue, aching,

burning, soreness, corns, callouses, etc., also sharp pains in his legs, were the bane of his life. These meant the difference between his success or failure as an athlete, so something simply had to be done to get rid of them and stay rid of them. In a recent article Horton says that ever since he commenced to rest his feet occasionally in the medicated and oxygenated foot-bath instantly produced by adding Reudel Bath Saltrates, foot misery and other muscular aches, pains, and stiffness have been only unpleasant memories to him.

ALL THESE CHAMPIONS DEPEND UPON REUDEL BATH SALTRATES.

It is interesting to note that this same indebtedness to Reudel Bath Saltrates is also acknowledged by Harold V. L. Ross, who holds most of the World's walking records for distances under fifty miles—and by Tom Payne, Champion Walker; C. W. Hart, the World's professional champion long-distance runner; by W. G. George, the World's one-mile running champion; by Jack Donaldson, the World's champion sprinter; by Jimmy Wilde, World's champion boxer; Ernest Barry, World's champion sculler; and by the World's record holders in practically every other branch of sport. There never was another pain-banishing treatment which received such endorsement as this.

They all agree that there never will be a better treatment for the purpose, because in Reudel Bath Saltrates absolute perfection has been attained. No home should be without it because when needed it is needed quickly. It can be obtained in inexpensive packets of all chemists.

162 more readers benefit

Fire has played havoc in many of these homes. Accidents have taken a heavy toll. Thus it goes on week by week.
The long list of names here is the best proof of all that "John Bull's" Great New Insurance Gift is the most practical, the most beneficial. No make-believe benefits here! No waiting for your money! No quibbling with Insurance Companies! *Added* benefits—not curtailed ones! SIGN NOW.

Fire.

LIVERPOOL.—Mr. A. McCready, 5, Dingle Grove.
RAMSGATE.—Mr. Smithers, 22, Leopold Street.
BLACKBURN.—Mr. J. A. Watson, 7, Regent Street.
BIRMINGHAM.—Mrs. M. A. Atkins, 7, Wallace Place, Balsall Heath Road.
BONHILL, DUMBARTONSHIRE.—Mrs. A. Bisonge, 40, Dillichip Terrace.
SMETHWICK.—Mr. J. Cartwright, 61, Wills Street.
BIRMINGHAM.—W. B. Woods, 22, Stoney Lane, S. Yardley.
BRADFORD.—Mrs. H. Bedford, 59, Thurnscoe Road, Manningham.
MIDDLESBROUGH.—Mr. J. A. Carruthers, 7, Lambeth Road, Linthorpe.
DUNFERMLINE.—Mr. R. Mill, 44, Holyrood Place.
SWANSEA.—Mr. J. Joxer, 63, Woodville Road, Mumbles.
BRISTOL.—Mrs. M. Wheeler, 274, Hotwell Road.
LEEDS.—Miss E. Weber, 37, St. James' Street.
EDINBURGH.—Mr. J. M. Buxton, 148, Brunton Gardens.
HALIFAX.—Mr. N. Broadbent, 9, Heatley Bank, King's Cross.
BLAENAVON.—Mr. R. Davies, 83, King Street.
STOURBRIDGE.—Mrs. E. Freestone, 26, Market Street.
BIRMINGHAM.—Mr. E. N. Hector 57, Thimblemill Road, Bearwood, Smethwick.
CROSSKEYS, Mon.—Mrs. Hurley, 9, Nine Mile Point Road, Wattsville.
BIRMINGHAM.—Mrs. B. A. Kimberley, 5, Rear of 56, New John Street.
BLACKRIDGE, W. Lothian.—Mr. F. Llowarch, Main Street.
PORTSMOUTH.—Mrs. L. Leno, 236, Chichester Road, North End.
LINLITHGOW.—Mr. T. McNulty, 14, Kingscavil.
OLD HILL, Staffs.—Mr. J. Rock, 27, Waggon Street.
BIRMINGHAM.—Mrs. A. Rawlings, 3 202, Winson Green Road.
LONDON, E. 7.—Mrs. Thompson, 120, Thorne Road, Forest Gate.
BIRMINGHAM.—Mr C. J. Brown, 1, Brighton Terrace, Railway Terrace, Nechells.
YELVERTON, Devon.—Mrs. I. M. Collins, 1, Victoria Villas, Crapstone.
RICHMOND.—Mrs. Deane, 65, Sandycombe Road.
GLASGOW.—Mrs. J. Gordon, 51, Cedar Street.
UPPER CATERHAM, Surrey.—Mrs. C. K. Hughes, 57, Westway.
PORT TALBOT.—Mr. D. G. Livingstone 2, Tip Cottages, Tonmawr.
DEPTFORD, S.E.—Mr. G. Styles, 105, Trundleys Road.
CARDIFF.—Mrs. H. Thoos, 62, Richards Street, Cathays.
NEW SEAHAM COLLIERY, Co. Durham.—Mr. J. Thornhill, 12, Bank Head Street.
HIGH FELLING, Co. Durham.—Mrs. J. C. Young, 23, Coldwell Street.
BALHAM, S.W.—Mrs. B. Constable, 26, Nightingale Square.
LARKHALL, N.B.—Mr. C. Dobbie, 15, Academy Street.
BIRMINGHAM.—Mrs. A. Hodgate, 49, Lower Cross Street, Smethwick.
BIRMINGHAM.—Mrs. T. Kennett, 108, Glover Street, West Bromwich.
LEYTON, E.—Mr. V. G. Langford, 313, Murchison Road.
ESSEX ROAD, N. 1.—Mrs. Newbery, 80, Albany Cottages, Popham Street.
DOVER.—Mr. J. Wybourne, Oliver Cottage.
SOUTH BANK, Yorks.—Mr. P. Shaughnessey, 26, Middlesbrough Road.
ABERDEEN, N.B.—Mr. W. A. Bisset, 48 Market Street.
BRIDGEND.—Mr. J. W. Harris, 4, Swansea Terrace, Penycoed.
PRESTON.—Mrs. M. Seed, 12, Christian Street.
ABERDEEN.—Mr. M. Mackenzie, 23, Shoe Lane.
BIRMINGHAM.—Mrs. E. A. Powell, 3, Ceda Terrace, 3/100, William Street, Ladywood.
NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.—Mr. R. McBeth, 183, Hotspur Street, Heaton.
CLAPHAM, S.W.—Mr. W. Sharp, 36, Rectory Grove.
SMETHWICK.—Mr. A. Naughton, 199, Hales Lane.
ILFORD.—Mr. O. Hulin, 168, St. Alban's Road, Seven Kings.
BIRMINGHAM.—Mrs. M. J. Bird, 131, Tiverton Road, Bournbrook.
BIRMINGHAM.—Mrs. D. Gordon, 58, Uplands Road, Handsworth.
HAMILTON, N.B.—Mr. R. Kilpatrick, 49, Duke Street.
COLCHESTER.—Mrs. H. Willsher, Long Green, Markstey.

Storm.

TREDEGAR, Mon.—Mr. W. J. Davies, 83, King Street.
MIDDLESBROUGH.—Mrs. C. Morrow, 7, Melbourne Street.
TREHAFOD, Glam.—Mr. G. S. Parkes, 21, Lewis Street.
BRIDGEND.—Mrs. W. Reeves, 6, Oddfellow Street.
WAKEFIELD.—Mr. J. Anderson, 3, Kempa Bridge, Alverthorpe Road.
ANDOVERSFORD, Glos.—Mrs. A. Locke, Fern Villas, Brockhampton.
TREHARRIS.—Mr. B. Price, 10, Railway Street, Trelewis.
BRIDGEND.—Mr. T. Strikoer, 2, Oddfellows Street.

Gas Explosion.

MIDDLESBROUGH.—Mrs. O'Neill, 86, Lord Street.
SEVENOAKS.—Mrs. A. Elcombe, 6, Norfolk Terrace, Tubs Hill.

Accident Benefits (£3 per week)

SHEFFIELD.—Mr. T. Allen, 103, Hammond Street.
SEAHAM HARBOUR, Co. Durham.—Mrs. S. Thomas, 15, Embleton Street.
NOTTINGHAM.—Mrs. J. Graham, 5, Storen Terrace, Storen Street.
WOLVERHAMPTON.—Mr. E. Page, 24, Chapel Street, Blakenhall.
CHESTER.—Mrs. A. Pennington, 40, Chainmakers' Row, Saltney.
WAKEFIELD.—Mrs. E. Bateman, 1, Second Street, New Crofton.
BIRMINGHAM.—Mrs. L. Dale, 105, Pope Street.
NEATH.—Mrs. J. Jones, 7, Cecil Street.

Accident Benefits (£1 per week)

ATTLEBORO, NORFOLK.—Mrs. M. Prentice, Chapel Street, New Buckenham.
BARNSLEY.—Mrs. A. Scott, 32, Queen Street, New Scarboro, Wombwell.
BARNSLEY.—Mrs. E. Griffiths, 96, Oak Cottage, Wombwell Road, Stairfoot.
BATTLE, SUSSEX.—Mrs. E. Stunt, Engine Cottages, Westfield.
BEDWAS, MON.—Mrs. M. E. Jones, 92, James Street, Trethomas.
MANCHESTER.—Mrs. Abrams, 3, Cranworth Street, C.-on-M.
MIDDLESBROUGH.—Mrs. C. David 40, Mill Street.
NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.—Mrs. J. Moffitt, 14, Blagdon Street.
NEWHAVEN, SUSSEX.—Mrs. E. Priest, 58, Chapel Street.
NEWPORT, MON.—Mrs. M. Meyer, 2, Union Street.
NEW SILKSWORTH.—Mrs. Frazer, 74, Castlereagh Road.
OXFORD.—Mrs. G. Carter, 44, Lane End Gate, Marsh Baldon.
PLAISTOW, E. 13.—Mrs. M. Sayers, 137, Whitwell Road.
PORTSMOUTH.—Mrs. McKinlay, 46 Staunton Street.
PORT TALBOT.—Mrs. M. King, 9, Margaret Street, Aberavon.
POPLAR, E. 14.—Mrs. E. Rowe, 5, Bright Street, St. Leonards Road.
RHYMNEY, MON.—Mrs. H. Evans, 52, Upper High Street.
ROTHERHAM.—Mrs. E. A. Lomax, 55, Frederick Street, Catcliffe.
SHEFFIELD.—Mrs. J. A. Baker, Nethermoor Lane, Killamarsh.
SHEPHERD'S BUSH, W.—Mrs. J. Bywaters, 8, Galloway Road.
STOKE-ON-TRENT.—Mr. E. Austin, Hulme, near Longton.
ST. HELEN'S, LANCS.—Mrs. M. Murphy, 37, Queen Street.
SWANSEA.—Mrs. Brisden, 108, Foxhole Road.
THORPE-LE-SOKEN.—Mr. G. W. Hubbard, High Street.
THORNLEY, Co. DURHAM.—Mrs. E. Dawson, 14, Nelson Street.
THORNLEY, Co. DURHAM.—Mrs. J. Vickers, 14, Coopers Terrace.
WINGATE, Co. DURHAM.—Mrs. M. Johnson, 8, Seymour Street.
WOLVERHAMPTON.—Mr. J. Payton, Bridge Lane, Wombourne.
DOUGLAS, I. of M.—Mr. H. F. Cubbon, 11, Shaws Brow.
BARNSLEY.—Mrs. A. Clarkson, Frogatts Buildings, Higham.
ROTHERHAM.—Mr. O. Chivers, 47, St. Mary's Road, Goldthorpe.
Co. LEITRIM.—Mr. T. Carrigan, Carrick-on-Shannon.
MONKSEATON, NORTHUMBERLAND.—Mrs. J. W. Driver, 43, Front Street.
NEWPORT, MON.—Mrs. C. Evans, 31, Curre Street, Cwm.
WAKEFIELD.—Mrs. J. Ellis, 14, Clayton Street, Mill Lane, South Kirkby.
LONDON, N. 1.—Mr. W. Fleet, 6, 86 Paul Street, New North Road.
NOTTINGHAM.—Mrs. E. Johnson, 7, Poplar Terrace, Deering Street.
NOTTINGHAM.—Mrs. L. Lindley, 60, Caroline Street.
LUDGERSHALL, WILTS.—Mr. G. H. Meade, Castle Street.
CLANAMMAN, CARM.—Miss P. Rogers, 2, Greuig View.
ATTLEBOROUGH, NORFOLK.—Mrs. L. L. Roberts, "Tower House," Little Ellingham.
MANCHESTER.—Mrs. E. Short, 16, Chapel Street, Atherton.
STOCKTON-ON-TEES.—Mrs. Thomas, 15, Haswell Street.
ANDOVER, HANTS.—Mrs. C. J. Tibble, The Orchards, 84, Mary Bourne.
GRIMESTHORPE.—Mrs. B. Walker, 40, Rotham Street.
WEARDALE, CO. DURHAM.—Miss M. J. Watson, Woodbine Cottages, St. John's Chapel.
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COLCHESTER.—Mrs. F. A. Bache, Brick Street, Fordham Heath.
STOKE-ON-TRENT.—Mrs. Worsdale, 86, Upper Normacott Road, Longton.
UPPER CLAPTON, E. 5.—Mrs. E. E. Bonor, 78, Reighton Road.
LEYTONSTONE, E. 11.—Mrs. Beard, 35 Beechcroft Road.
PACKMORE, STAFFS.—Mrs. Cann, 13, James Street.
SPENNYMOOR.—Mrs. E. Fitzgerald, 10, King James Street.
CROUCH HILL, N. 8.—Mrs. B. Foster, 11, Elia Road.
DEVONPORT.—Miss B. Foley, 12, Market Street.
WEST HARTLEPOOL.—Mrs. H. Hutchinson, 51, Clarendon Road.
OXFORD.—Mrs. E. Hiron, 55, Dunn Tew, Deddington.
LOWESTOFT.—Mrs. K. Hall, 36, Rotterdam Road.
CHINGFORD.—Mr. H. Jillions, 125, Winchester Road, Highams Park.
SOUTH SHIELDS.—Mrs. M. J. Murtha, 72, Napier Street, Tyne Dock.
SOUTH ELMSALL, YORKS.—Mrs. E. M. Newman, 24, Hill Estate.
STOURPORT.—Mrs. A. Partridge, 73, Minster Road.
WEST BROMWICH.—Mrs. E. Sanger, 35, Pleasant Street, Hill Top.
IRONBRIDGE, SALOP.—Mr. T. Williams, 2, New Bridge Road.
LEEDS.—Mrs. M. White, 9, Douglas Street, Meadow Lane.
BANBURY.—G. W. Baker, King's Sutton.
WINCHESTER.—Mr. C. Crane, 24, Whark Hill.
UPPER EDMONTON.—Mrs. Allen, 22, Folkestone Road.
BURSLEM.—Mrs. L. Booth, 28, Lower Street.
CLYDEBANK.—Mr. W. Christie, 2, Livingstone Street.
DUNSTAN-ON-TYNE.—Mrs. Cramer, 15, Victoria Street.
MANCHESTER.—Mrs. Fay, 140, Langworthy Road, Seedley.
MUSSELBURGH.—Mr. W. H. Brown, 65, Market Street.
ABERDEEN.—Mrs. M. Connon, The Manse, St. Fittick's Road, Kincardineshire.
BARNSLEY.—Mrs. F. Nicholls, 10, Doncaster Road, Darfield.
NEWMILLS, FIFE.—Mrs. M. Youn, 27, Dundonald Terrace, Low Valleyfield.
LYDNEY, GLOS.—Mr. T. Brown, Station Row, Whitecroft.
ROTHERHAM.—Mrs. A. Blyton, 23, Dalton Lane, Dalton.
LUMPHINNARIS, FIFE.—Mrs. J. Buchanan, 47, Mungall Street.
NOTTINGHAM.—Mrs. L. Beck, 22, Charter Street, Old Radford.
ALDEBURGH, SUFFOLK.—Mrs. F. W. Clarke, Crafton House.
LONDON, N. 1.—Mrs. J. W. Clay, 12, Culford Road.
BILSTON, STAFFS.—Mrs. S. Coburn, 25, Dudley Street.
CHEPSTOW.—Mrs. M. Davis, Broadrock, Woodcroft.
THETFORD, NORFOLK.—G. W. Etheridge, Saham Hills.
BLACKPOOL.—Mrs. Embury, 2, Ascot Road, Layton Estate.
PLYMOUTH.—Mrs. I. Gray, 19, Railway Cottages, Bath Street, Millbay.

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BARGAIN SALES.

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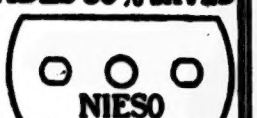

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Vol. XXXIII. No. 878.
Week ending Saturday,
Feb. 24, 1923. Twopence.

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For the People——
the Right to Justice and Truth.

The Paper on which the Sun :: Never Sets ::

The World, the Flesh, & the Devil

The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.

Verb. Sap.

The Cabinet is divided on the Report of the Rent Restrictions Committee. The British public is not. It is solid for "Houses first—Decontrol second."

Any Connection?

Sir Percy Cox wants us to remain in Basra at all costs. Strange! The Anglo-Persian oil pipe-lines come out at Basra!

Information Wanted.

What is happening in Egypt? Lord Allenby is the virtual Dictator of a State granted its "independence" last March. All is not well, and Parliament must insist on the truth.

Long Overdue.

In spite of the pressure of business, Parliament must find time to pass that Bill legalising the position of illegitimate children. The infants are not to blame, and they have every claim to the rights of citizenship.

Bring Them Home.

There is a proverb which says "The fool has his eyes on the ends of the earth." Lord Grey is right: a "bag and baggage" policy is the only one with regard to our dangerous foreign commitments.

Alas! Poor Yorick!

The fate of Mr. "Pussyfoot" Holden who polled only 130 votes in a recent by-election is a timely warning to all cranks. The sturdy commonsense of the British working man is a nasty snag to come up against.

Retribution.

America possesses half the total gold supplies of the world and is at her wits' end to know what to do with it. As she can't eat it, she'd better send some of it back again and so help to restore the economic balance of the world.

It Ought To Be.

Mr. Clement Jones says the pressure at which the Cabinet Secretariat works "is not quite so great as that of a large commercial office." The plain English of which is that they don't earn their money.

Not Good Enough.

The Minister of Labour says that doles are to continue. If the Government are devoid of ideas and bankrupt of plans for a real solution of the unemployment problem, they are in for a rude awakening.

Whose Profit?

While wages continue to fall, food prices are steadily rising. The situation demands an inquiry—*and it should be held in public.*

Every Little Helps.

British trade with Russia in 1922 totalled nearly £5,000,000. Why not remove all restrictions and open up the normal trade channels once more?

Is it a Joke?

The gas companies are shrieking aloud that "gas is cheaper still." As it's also worse in quality and more dangerous in its effects, we don't see what there is to shout about.

Profits "Ueber Alles"!

German capitalists have sold to France for 50,000,000 francs the secret of making synthetic ammonia. It's a queer comment on the present international situation!

Clearing Decks for Action.

It is not supposed that Sir A. Griffith-Boscawen or Colonel Stanley will find any insuperable difficulty in heading their respective polls. Freed from the distracting cares of electioneering, they will find plenty to do in office.

Some Hopes!

For the next twenty years France is to spend £32,000,000 on naval armaments alone. Meanwhile the League of Nations, of which France is a member, is discussing how to persuade nations to *dis*arm. It's a funny world!

Public Inquiry Wanted.

Coal is being produced at a rate nearly equal to the boom year of 1913—yet prices are higher than ever. The miners have played the game, but either the coalowner or the middleman needs investigation.

Munificence!

A recently issued Army Order fixes the allowance for married soldiers at twenty-six shillings a week for a wife and seven children. As usual, when the Government does attempt economy it does the wrong thing.

Our Net Sales

The Net Sales of JOHN BULL which are given hereunder are the largest of any twopenny weekly periodical in the world.

Issue dated Jan.	*13th, 1923*		*594,346*
" "	*20th*	"	*616,122*
" "	*27th*	"	*621,231*
"	*Feb. 3rd*	"	*640,870*
" "	*10th*	"	*668,496*

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Chartered Accountants.

Gone West!

Turkey is ready to grant complete independence to the Arab States and so our last excuse for remaining in Mesopotamia vanishes into thin air.

Carried Unanimously.

Senator Borah (U.S.A.) suggests making war an international crime and punishing its instigators accordingly. If civilisation is to be saved this is a real necessity.

Sentimental Waste.

On sentimental grounds there is a lot to be said for saving the "Victory." But in these times there are far more practical uses for the £150,000 required.

Some "National Home."

The truth is gradually emerging. The Jews in Palestine are in a minority of 675,200. Palestine seems to have no attraction for anyone except the wasters.

Disgusting.

The way Lord Carnarvon is endeavouring to turn the Luxor discoveries into a sordid money-making business is as unseemly as it is undignified. For once in a way we hope authority will intervene in no uncertain manner.

The War's Over!

It is no longer necessary to have Dutch passports vised. If the League of Nations succeeded in abolishing the passport nuisance altogether it would be doing something to justify its existence.

Red Tape.

The refusal of the Government to allow the King's Speech to be broadcasted is incomprehensible to anyone of ordinary commonsense; but no doubt the Government can understand the reason why!

No more Ronald Trees.

Mental experts have found a formula to aid judge and jury when insanity is pleaded as a defence in murder trials. This will relieve the medical profession of a responsibility the law never intended them to bear.

But He Won't!

Lord Curzon could, if he liked, supply the real reason for Lord Balfour's resignation from the Council of the League of Nations. And that blessed word Mesopotamia would be used more than once!

Rusty Machinery.

It is time the farce of petitioning for the "restitution of conjugal rights" was swept away. When Judges openly deride the laws they have to administer it is time Parliament took the hint.

The Limit.

A mean thief is Alfred Lilley, of West Ham, who specialised in robbing little children sent to buy pennyworths. He is now otherwise occupied for three months.

Poor Lad!

In the case of a boy charged with theft at Liverpool, the probation officer, Mr. Goldstone, stated that he was one of a family of seven occupying two small rooms in a tenement. This abode was infested by rats that had killed six cats. What chance has a boy reared in such a house?

No Freedom for the Free.

An application to extend the hours of opening of licensed houses at Bermouth from 9 to 10 was refused, although during last year only two visitors were charged with drunkenness, and at Hawarden, Flintshire, a similar application was also dismissed, although thousands of persons supported it. Out with the bigots!

Burglar on Borstal.

Apropos our last week's article on the Borstal system, an old Borstal boy, Arthur W. Pownall, sentenced at the Stafford Sessions to 12 months' hard labour for housebreaking, said Borstal had done him more harm than good. We believe him. His statement is more evidence that we need a reformatory system that reforms, not brutalises.

Birds of a Feather?

A well-dressed motorist, summoned at Highgate for not having the number plate of his car properly illuminated, said he put the matter right as soon as the constable drew his attention to it, and Sir Walter Reynolds dismissed the case. A lorry-driver, charged with a similar offence, made a similar explanation, which was backed up by the constable concerned, and Sir Walter fined him 10s. What is the meaning of this, Sir Walter Reynolds? Explain.

The Duty-dodging Doctor.

When an old man of over sixty, named Timmins, living in Copper Hill Street, West Bromwich, was taken ill, his niece went for the parish doctor, but he told her it was his day off and he could not call. Next day the poor old fellow collapsed in the street and died. The Coroner expressed surprise at the doctor's attitude. We express the severest condemnation and most utter contempt.

Out with His Name.

Poor Clara Agnes Holmes was courted by a man who resides at Shipley, and gave him her love. He was a woman sleuth, a breaker of hearts, a man with a wife; and when Clara learned the truth she lost faith in the world. Her dream of happiness ended in a suicide's grave. What of the man? Is he to escape all the consequences of his moral crime? We call for the revelation of his identity, that the world may know him for what he is. Why has his name been suppressed?

The Game of Grab.

Our recent strictures on the debt-collecting methods of Hardy, Roberts and Co., "The United Kingdom Colonial and Foreign General Accountancy Offices," Royal Courts Chambers Chancery Lane, London, W.C., are well borne out by a bill of theirs forwarded to us by one of their disgusted clients. It shows that they collected £3 4s. 6d. from two debtors, for which they charged £2 4s. 1d., including 2s. in the £ commission on money due from the same debtors which they never collected! They should be shunned.

Profitable—Very!

Mrs. Alice Tobin, of Deptford, has been fined £10 for acting as a moneylender without a certificate. She lent at 520 per cent.! Mrs. Tobin very appropriately resides at Bronze Street.

More Cheap Cruelty.

As responsible for what was described as "only the framework of a dog," Alfred Cooper, greengrocer, of Kingston, was fined £2 1s. That starvation means cruelty needs to be emphasised.

Demon Dancers.

Victor Hindmarsh and Belle Dunn danced for seven crowded hours and one minute at Ashington to create a new record. We excuse Victor and trust someone will present him with the biscuit he deserves. Belle ought to have been at home helping her mother.

Her Sons Died for You, Sheriff MacLeod!

Because Margaret Adams, aged sixty-five, a poverty-stricken Musselburgh widow, drew a pension in respect of her two sons killed in the war and did not disclose that she earned 4s. 6d. a week by charing, Sheriff MacLeod, at Edinburgh, sentenced her to 30 days' imprisonment. Such a sentence can only be described as inhuman, and the cadi whose conscience could allow him to inflict it is more worthy of the name of cad.

Increasing the Burden.

A brute who delights in torturing animals can get a lot of amusement for 10s. nowadays. That was the fine imposed on Henry James Cullen, of Dickson Terrace, Soho Street, Liverpool, who thrashed a sick horse mercilessly because it could not draw a heavy load. It started in agony, but soon came to a halt through sheer weakness. He then struck it with a chain, and the poor beast had to be carried away in an animals' ambulance and destroyed.

Rates and Unemployment.

When residents at Hemsworth ask their worthy Councillors why the rates are so high they are invariably told it is owing to the distress caused by the large amount of unemployment prevalent in the district. Yet the Council have just appointed half a dozen rent collectors on commission, all of whom already have well-paid jobs, five being assistant overseers, while the sixth is an estate agent. That is not the way to reduce unemployment—or the rates.

A Dog's Death.

Because his pointer bitch, which had had a litter of pups howled in the night, Norman S. Taylor, of Raikes Road, Blackpool, fired two shots at the animal. It continued to moan piteously for nearly an hour, so he returned anh mashed its head to pulp. The Magistrates accepted his word that he had no intention of being cruel and dismissed the case. If dogs have ghosts we hope this one will haunt them both.

No Punishment for a Rich Man.

Frank Jackson, of independent means, while drunk drove a motor-car in a dangerous manner on the Bridlington promenade. When he was brought before Sir Alexander Macdonald at the Police Court, Jackson was told that prison was the proper place for men found drunk in charge of motor-cars. We agree. Yet Jackson got off with a fine of £5, and was detained until eight o'clock on the evening the case was heard. Sir Alexander surely didn't believe what he said or the road hog would now have been in Hull gaol.

Lucky Arabs.

Six boys and girls between 10 and 19, sleeping in one double-bed and four children in a single bed. This instance of over-crowding in Lambeth was given by Mr. F. Briant, M.P., chairman of the Guardians. Meanwhile the Government is pouring the taxpayers' money into the swamps and deserts of Mesopotamia.

The Charioteer.

Fred Clegg, of Smallbridge, near Rochdale, was fined £5, and, in addition, was sent to gaol for one month, yet this was altogether too lenient a sentence for a road hog of his type. He drove a horse and trap furiously along the road, the speed being estimated at nearly 35 miles an hour. A collision which killed a man was the result. Clegg ought not to be allowed to drive a horse again.

Souls for Sweets.

What is the truth about Hull's morals? Is it true that in Hull there are young girls willing to sell their souls for a box of chocolates? That hundreds of girls, from 17 to 20 years of age, live immoral lives merely for the sake of trinkets? That Hull girls are the temptresses, and to blame for the existing flood of immorality? Mr. Edgar Challerton, of Hull's Vigilance Association, says this is so. Then Hull must wake up from its slumber!

Send Him to Turkey.

Leon Agassandrian, of Acomb Street, Moss Side, Manchester, is a young Armenian of whom England will be well rid. Why he came from Paris with a story of war service on his lips, which his papers do not support, we cannot understand, nor why he has been secretly carrying a revolver. We do know that he failed to continue payments on a child maintenance order. England has no use for aliens of Leon's type. He must be cleared.

Clear Them Out!

The secret doings of many Chinese along Merseyside have been responsible for ruined lives and wrecked homes, and at last the Liverpool police are dealing with the scandal. They must do their work thoroughly. We compliment them upon having secured the conviction of Lum Kok, Chong Dang, Chong Fook, Hung Bo, and Ah Sow for gaming. It is a good beginning, but deportation should have accompanied the fines. We don't want these Chinese.

A Callous Council.

We congratulate Councillor Calvert on his championship of ex-Sergeant Cox before the Aldershot Council, which consists largely of landlords who show scant sympathy with ex-Service men. Cox, whose only crime is poverty, was being ejected from his home in very harsh circumstances, and in flinging his medals on the table with the suggestion that the Mayor should return them to the King, Councillor Calvert only adopted a dramatic method of recalling the Council to their broken pledges.

Pinching from the Poor.

One of the most artful dodgers in Bridlington is Thomas Reed Williamson, 8, High Street. He had a contract with the Charity Trustees to deliver 77 tons of coal to poor people in need. When the nineteen bags on his truck were examined it was found that each bag was from three to six pounds short weight. An inspector estimates that on the contract Williamson would have a surplus of over three tons. Yet he was fined only £3. If the Home Secretary does not send the Bridlington justices a sharp note he is not attending to his job properly.

Ting-a-Ling!

In Holborn Workhouse, the children "rise by the bell, go to bed by the bell and have their meals by the bell. In fact they are automatons." A thoroughly undesirable state of affairs. Holborn Workhouse officials should "go by the board" in more senses than one.

Money for Nothing.

It is reported that the Assheton Coal Co. is about to spend £1,000,000 in developing a new coal area on the Northumberland coast. As royalty-receiver the Duke of Northumberland will get a nice little addition to the £80,000 a year he already picks up in royalties.

Pity the Poor—

"How can a town clerk keep up appearances, live decently, and educate his children on £600 a year?" expostulated Alderman Sides, a former mayor, at a Pontefract Council meeting. The Council, moved to pity, thereupon decided that the salary in future should be £700 a year. Some public authorities are easily moved to sympathy.

—and the Poorer!

The East Suffolk and Ipswich Hospital have been advertising for an assistant in the dispensing at the munificent salary of £2 a week. We have not heard of any aldermanic protest in this connection, but a chemist's assistant who is unfortunately out of work asks, "What chance have we of existence, especially if married, while such miserly wages are offered?"

Danish Lotteries.

For about the thousandth time we are asked our opinion of Danish lottery tickets. It should suffice once and for all that such is their fraudulent character that the Commissioner of Police is doing his utmost to suppress the traffic, and fines amounting to £109 were recently imposed upon four aliens at the Thames Police Court for dealing in them. That's that.

Slow Music.

A guinea course of "The Simplest System" of pianoforte playing is offered to all and sundry by the inventor and proprietor, Reginald H. Cowtan, of Beak Street Chambers, 14, Beak Street, Regent Street, London, W., on payment of 5s. 3d. It is a slow method judged by the experience of a reader who sent that sum on January 16th and has heard nothing since, in spite of repeated applications. Another case of one sharp and many flats?

An Old But Good Idea.

Judge Parry's proposal that Parliament should set up conciliation courts to keep people out of litigation is none the worse for being an old one. Voltaire said that only twice did he regret going to law—once when he lost his case and once when he won it. Even the mule and the donkey are reasoning and reasonable creatures up to a point; and if conciliation courts could bring litigious human nature to that point they would prove a boon to nearly everybody except lawyers.

Cheek!

Many business readers whose dislike of everything Hunnish has not been diminished by four years of peace have been astonished and disgusted to receive packets of postcard circulars asking for "photos of beauties" from The Hungarian Art Trade School, 641, Fiok-Bérlo, Budapest, which they are coolly invited to place in their customers' parcels. Budapest before the war was known as the wickedest city in Europe. It is evidently still the cheekiest, with the accent on the pest.

"Suffer Little Children."

The Billisden (Leicester) Guardians have dismissed a workhouse porter for the heinous offence of not mentioning the fact that he had a child when he took on the job. Do these child-haters realise that it is their duty to protect children. It's a pity *they* were ever born. Guardians indeed!

The Price of Beastliness.

Twenty pounds is a fairly heavy fine, but presuming it to have been imposed with due regard to the culprit's ability to pay, it was a totally inadequate penalty for Fred Thompson of Shellfield, Norden, who pleaded guilty to an indecent assault on a thirteen-year-old girl entrusted to him to escort to school. And there was a woman sitting on the Bench!

A Lesson for a Judge.

The sentence at Leeds of the man Clarke to seven years' detention as an habitual criminal and to three years' penal servitude for warehouse breaking, has been reduced by the Court of Criminal Appeal to eighteen months' hard labour. We hope the Judge whose ideas of fit punishment have been so drastically overhauled will take this as a lesson and be more humane in future.

Watch the Little Things.

By the Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

LONG ago a very good friend said to me: "You bear small troubles badly, great ones well."

It was an illuminating statement and did me service, for I saw at once that it was true.

I do not think I need the implied warning now to the same degree, but I needed it then. I was in the habit of allowing little things to upset me and rob me of my due share of the joy of life, though when really serious troubles came I bore them without flinching.

I fancy I am not alone in this inconsistency of nature which characterised my earlier manhood; sometimes I notice other men who exhibit it.

We are not the weaker but the stronger in meeting the shocks of fate if we are careful to preserve our serenity amid trivial difficulties and vexations.

He is wise who takes note of the fact that the hue of life depends more on little things than great things.

Sheer disasters often bring out all that is best in a man, whereas mere pin-pricks may reveal him at his worst.

One may be patient under affliction and peevish if the chimney smokes or the breakfast is five-minutes late.

Some men are considerate with everybody except those who love them best, and magnanimous everywhere but in the home circle.

They can rise to great heights when a tremendous effort has to be made to save their dearest from ruin, but when the danger is past they cease to be solicitous for the happiness of these same people, which omission may mean chronic discontent all round.

It is less important to be a hero in the time of storm than a cheerful companion when days are dull or minor disappointments produce irritation and fret.

It is chiefly our reaction to little things, welcome or unwelcome, that makes life glad or sombre, noble or mean.

A Chance to Become Rich.

For the third time in six months a first prize of £1,500 is offered in our "Bullets" Competition, now well in the eleventh year of its record run. Prizes of £1,500 have never been given elsewhere in literary skill competitions of this kind. All competitors have a fair field and no favour. Send along the best Bullet and you will win this record prize.

Post-haste!

A Kilmarnock resident had a little mild excitement last week, when a picture postcard posted in Stranraer on October 27th, 1906, was delivered to her. She was a little girl then, but is now a grown woman and has been married seven years. Postal rates having increased she was charged 2d. extra. At this rate, we may expect letters from Tutankhamen any day.

Churches—or Houses?

That London does not want its City churches—or, at any rate, most of them—is evident from their empty pews. The Rev. N. W. Payne, rector of Great Melton, Norwich, suggests the Nation should purchase them and utilise them as in Norwich, which "owns a very fine hall once a church." When the Nation has more money in its pockets it may consider the matter; but houses first.

Tut-Tut, Mr. Leach, Tut-Tut!

Mr. William Leach, a Bradford Labour M.P., tried to waste Parliamentary time with a fool question about the late Tutankhamen's tomb, but the query was disallowed. Surely there is something a little more modern than the susceptabilities of the very late Egyptian monarch's relatives, who have all been dead for thousands of years, for Mr. Leach to feel concern about. We pay M.P.s to worry over live Englishmen, not dead Egyptians.

Exiles.

We hear of considerable anxiety among Irish temporary officers at Aldershot, Bordon, Tidworth and Bovington, who are shortly due for demobilisation and are at their wits' end to know what to do when the axe falls. Many of them are unable to return to their homes owing to the conditions prevailing in Ireland, and are likely to be faced with the workhouse owing to their inability to obtain employment in this country. We hope the Government will not leave them in the lurch.

Watch this Man Warwick.

The Portland Street Warehouse Company, 120, Portland Street, Manchester, is the camouflage of Alfred Warwick and a man whose identity has yet to be revealed. They are mail order rampers. Following an order with cash for pillow-cases, they neither deliver the goods nor return the money. Their boasted "warehouse" is a room five yards by three. Summoned for offences under the Business Names Act, they thought it just as well not to appear. The police ought to attend to these characters.

A Bit Thick!

When Henry Houghton, of Broadleys, Denbigh, was charged with selling new milk containing a sediment half of which consisted of cow dung, Mr. Clarke Jones, the local Inspector of Food and Drugs, after declaring that defendant had no excuse, blandly remarked that he did not press the case, which was dismissed on payment of costs. At Wrexham, three people were heavily fined for exactly similar offences. What is the explanation of this extraordinary delicacy in dealing with Houghton?

FILMS SHOWN IN SECRET

Perverts Purveying Filth

We make to-day, with a full sense of responsibility to the public, a grave and sickening revelation of moral depravity indulged in by prominent people in the capital of our great Empire.

EVERY week, in private exhibition theatres in the West End of London, well-known people assemble and watch and gloat over films of shocking and loathsome indecency.

This form of moral depravity, which has behind it a big and shameless organisation, is a stain on the reputation of London that we are resolved to cleanse.

The cinematograph has been foully besmirched and degraded on the Continent. In big seaport towns like Marseilles and Hamburg, and in the purlieus of Paris, there is a flourishing and profitable trade in the exhibition of pornographic films

It was believed that the cinema in this country was clean, that nowhere in England could people be found who would show the filthy and disgusting pictures that are shown to dago sailors in the slums of foreign ports.

We are sorry to have to destroy this illusion. Films so disgusting that they cannot be described in print are shown every week in private theatres in the cinema district of Wardour Street, to an audience in which there are many well-known people in the theatrical and sporting world.

The thing is so arranged that nobody can trace the person actually responsible. He is said to be an employee of a well-known company who shows these disgusting pictures after hours. A collection is taken up from the debauched audience, who pay cheerfully for the degraded pleasures they have enjoyed.

One can only vaguely suggest the nature of the films. One, played by the "Goblin Queen," in a two-part film called "The Fall," illustrates the fate of a young girl who falls into the hands of a harlot.

This creature takes her home, makes her drunk, and a scene of utterly indescribable sexual debauchery is enacted. The most revolting and unnatural practices are portrayed in detail.

Another film, called the "Burglar's Surprise" represents a burglar who falls asleep on the sofa of the drawing-room of the house he has entered. The daughter of the house comes down and discovers him and is debauched by the intruder, no dreadful detail of horrible indecency being omitted, many being emphasised by "close-up" pictures.

This is appalling. Still more appalling is the fact that these pictures are made in England. English "actors" and "actresses" can be found so degraded that they will enact these horrible scenes for portraiture and reproduction.

What a sink of iniquity and shameless horror such a studio must be. We are sure that if we gave the address of this place, the respectable people in the film industry would be astounded as well as horrified.

What of the loathsome brutes who go to see these monstrosities of degradation? They come out of the darkened theatres, unabashed moral pests, and mingle freely with their fellows. If their habits were known people would draw back in horror from their slimy presence.

The horrible orgies that we have decided to expose, and bring to a summary end, have been going on for some time past. This revolting clique requires to be taught a salutary lesson.

This is a difficult crusade for a journal to undertake. If we gave the names and addresses which we have in our possession, the creatures would decamp, take the films elsewhere, and, after the storm had blown over, resume their foul orgies.

In the circumstances, we have decided on a different course of action.

We are giving full particulars to Scotland Yard, which will no doubt deal effectively with this piece of sickening indecency.

By the time these lines are in print the den of infamy, in all probability, will have been raided.

Certainly the utmost rigour of the law is necessary if these satyrs, wallowing in profitable filth, are to be adequately dealt with.

A CATCHPENNY CAD

Swindled Schoolboys and Servant Girls

FROM time to time during the past ten years we have called attention to the activities of a mean swindler named W. R. Lloyd, who carries on a catchpenny concern under the title of the "Universal Trading Co.," at 89, Cornwallis Road, London, N.

The tricks he employs to dispose of trumpery articles of jewellery have been exposed too often to deceive people of discretion, but he still seems to find a considerable number of dupes among inexperienced schoolboys and ignorant servant girls.

Lloyd attracts custom by advertisements in a number of publications which appeal to this class of reader, offering a "Gold Watch Free" to solvers of a simple puzzle who conform to one condition.

Young hopefuls and expectant simpletons who send in the correct solutions receive a letter from Lloyd commencing unctuously, "Dear Friend," congratulating them on their good fortune in having been elected to receive one of the "Handsome Lever Watches," which are glowingly described as "the facsimile of a magnificent high-class Lever Watch costing from 5 to 10 guineas retail." The one condition is the purchase for either 8s. 11d. or 12s. 11d. of a "lady's simulation 18-ct. Gold Long Guard or Gent.'s Handsome Albert." With the 8s. 11d. chain a "simulation Silver Watch" is promised.

A fourteen-year-old schoolboy who saved up his pocket money and sent Lloyd 8s. 11d. received another letter stating that his watch had been placed "to be thoroughly tested and timed," but urging him to send another 4s. for a superior chain and another 2s. 6d. for a "Nickel-Plated Stand Case," with which he would also receive a present of "a beautiful brooch free."

Having no more money, the youngster was unable to avail himself of Lloyd's additional generosity, but at last the "Gent's Handsome Albert," for which he had paid 8s. 11d., arrived, accompanied by the "simulation Silver Watch."

The precious things have been forwarded to us for inspection. The chain is a piece of rubbish such as is sold at a good profit in many cheap-jack stores for 6d., while the watch is utterly valueless, except as a curiosity of foreign manufacture, for it will not even tick, let alone tell the time.

We have no hesitation whatever in describing the whole business as a bare-faced fraud.

The police have more than once, on our suggestion, taken action against similar swindlers, and we call on them to put an end to the activities of this catchpenny cad, who has had far too long a run for the money he has swindled out of the inexperienced and unwary.

MYSTERY OF A KNIGHTHOOD

A Study in Political Manœuvre

Most people imagine that the inquiry into the methods used in the bestowal of titles would put a stop to promiscuous awards. We would like to have an explanation of the facts mentioned in this article.

WITH a great flare of trumpets the Lloyd George Government appointed a Committee to deal with the bestowal of titles.

The experience of the past demanded that something should be done to avoid such scandals as had hitherto obtained.

It was proved beyond question in the House of Lords, in the Commons and in the Press that titles had been bought by, or given to, men unworthy of such honours. It was hoped that the inquiry would put an end to such jobbery.

The public naturally expected to see in the next Honours List the names of men of outstanding "merit," on whom the bestowal of a title would do credit to the Prime Minister and the new Committee.

In view of this much surprise was caused to many when they saw that Commander Walter George Windham had been given a Knighthood in the New Year's honours list.

It was stated that the honour was bestowed for "Political and Public Work." Let us see what Political Work the gallant sailor has done.

He was adopted as Conservative prospective candidate in 1918 for Central Hackney. There is no political work worthy of praise in getting adopted. He was again adopted for Great Yarmouth in 1920. In 1921 he, as the Anti-Waste candidate, opposed Sir P. Dawson (Conservative) at Lewisham by-election.

As a sailor the Commander excels and holds two medals for life saving.

As a politician, it is only necessary to ask those who helped him in the fight to discover that this was about the last thing the Commander could justly claim to be.

He was a breezy candidate, but as for having any real political knowledge, those who know laugh at the suggestion. Asked on one occasion whether he believed in local option, he gave an evasive reply.

After his defeat in the by-election, the Anti-Waste candidate went to live for a time in the constituency for the purpose of courting it for the prospective general election.

At the approach of the general election, Commander Windham was again accepted by the Anti-Waste League as candidate for the election at Lewisham, but just before polling day, Mr. Bonar Law persuaded him to withdraw.

What was the reason? This was excitedly discussed by the officials of the Anti-Waste League. They felt very sore about it, seeing it was too late to get another suitable candidate, because an arrangement had been made for a straight fight without a Liberal candidate in the field as in the previous by-election.

The withdrawal of the Anti-Waste candidate at such a critical time gave the Bonar Law candidate, Sir P. Dawson, a safe seat, as was revealed in his great majority at the election.

If this does not suggest a political manœuvre of a very bad kind, then we utterly fail to find words in the vocabulary to describe such proceedings.

What is meant by the term public services? Does it refer to his commendable but not unusual life-saving exploits or to the fact that in "Who's Who" he describes himself as the founder of the Aeroplane Club; the importer of the first aeroplane into India for educational purposes; one of the first passengers to fly in Asia, December, 1910; and owner of cars since 1897.

If this constitutes public work of sufficient importance to warrant a knighthood—then we should be a nation of titled men.

The people of this country want to be reassured that in future honours will be only awarded when quite conspicuous public services has been rendered.

Otherwise there is an end of respect for titles of honour. The old-fashioned haphazard methods were universally condemned. Cannot Mr. Bonar Law get them amended altogether?

WORST POLICE SCANDAL YET!

Two City Police Constables, indicted on a criminal charge, have had their characters vindicated by a jury of their peers, who found them innocent. In spite of this they have been dismissed from the Force.

WHILE yet there is time we demand fair play for the two young City constables, Stanley and George, who have been tyrannically dismissed the force, and whose careers have been ruined by a harsh and almost incredible decision of their superiors.

We have no hesitation in saying that the treatment of these two men is a public scandal. They have been found innocent by their peers: they are being punished by their superior officers.

Last week, in our editorial article, we protested against their suspension. The protest has been ignored by the highest authorities of the City Police.

Instead of showing any consideration, any sense of decency, they have added insult to injury and thrown the men out upon the streets.

We need not here rehearse the full story of this amazing incident.

In brief, these two constables were ordered to combat the widespread street-bookmaking in a certain City area.

They say that Mr. Cope, a well-known Fleet Street bookmaker, offered them bribes if they would not harass his touts.

They decided to catch him—before witnesses. They arranged a meeting in a public-house, in which they hoped to get such evidence as would lead to a conviction by actually receiving the proffered bribe.

They complain that their superior officers, to whom someone had told the story of the proposed bribe, appeared on the scene at the critical moment and charged, not the man who was to offer the bribe, but the constables who were seeking evidence that a bribe had really been offered.

They were charged with attempting to obtain bribes, charged by their superior officers.

Their defence was that they were attempting to obtain evidence of bribery.

The jury believed their story. It found them not guilty of the charge brought against them. Their innocence was established, their honour vindicated.

They shook hands with each other in the dock, from which they stepped free men, freed by the verdict of an Old Bailey jury from a charge brought against them by their own comrades and colleagues of higher rank.

They expected to receive not only the congratulations of the public, which were heartily tendered, but particularly of their superiors, through whose action, however trying to themselves, they had cleared the honour of the police force by a public vindication.

We do not know whether the bookmaker was satisfied with the result of the trial. The higher authorities of the police force were apparently gravely disconcerted by it.

They determined to punish the men whom an Old Bailey jury refused to punish.

The Chief Commissioner of the City Police, Sir W. Nott-Bower, sent for the men, and sent a sergeant in each case to accompany them. That was unpleasant enough, but they were not prepared for what followed.

Sir W. Nott-Bower congratulated them on the verdict of acquittal, congratulated them in the presence of several Police Inspectors.

They felt happy. Their joy was short-lived. He went on to make the perfectly astounding statement that he had decided to give them the opportunity to resign—otherwise he would have them dismissed the force.

Apparently this was a second trial, a police court, sitting in private, behind closed doors, where the accused were not represented by counsel, and over-ruling a public Criminal Court at the Old Bailey.

The astonished and discomfited men, taken aback at this new and unexpected punishment, refused to resign.

Had they done so, they would have admitted guilt and so nullified the verdict of the jury which had saved their honour.

Is it not a scandal that this second ordeal, in a Court of Star Chamber, should be superimposed on the ordeal of the Old Bailey?

The Old Bailey trial established their innocence. But ruined them financially. The costs of their defence, which they must pay, come to over two hundred pounds. That is the heavy price they have to pay, and are trying to pay, to clear themselves and save their careers.

Their superiors could not prevent them from saving their characters. They could prevent them from saving their careers. They preferred to throw these men into the street, ruined financially and in reputation, in spite of the verdict of innocence from a jury of their fellow citizens.

The action of the bookmaker who laid the charge against them did not succeed in ruining their good name.

But another success is to follow his action; it is to ruin their careers.

Why are the police authorities resolved that the complaint of this bookmaker, which failed before a jury, should be followed by punishment for the constables against whom the generous bookmaker laid the charge that broke down?

Will the dismissal of these two men encourage others to cope with the street bookmaking that is admittedly rampant in the City area, for which Sir Nott-Bower is responsible as Chief Commissioner of Police?

The bookmaker, Mr. David Cope, on whose statements the police authorities prosecuted their own man, gave evidence in Court.

His evidence was not sufficient to ensure a verdict of guilty. It is interesting, however, and important to say something of this man, on whom the higher police authorities relied.

He is not a British subject. He is a Polish Jew. He is on the Aliens Register at Bow Street, not as David Cope—that impressing British name—but as David Beidencopf, not quite so refreshingly Anglo Saxon.

Some time ago he was convicted at the Mansion House for keeping a betting house at 16, Tudor Street, E.C., and fined £100—the maximum fine. Evidence was given that there were nineteen previous convictions against him. A remarkable record for a police witness.

Knowing that they were dealing with a man of this kind the constables kept their own counsel in working up a case. Is it for this that they have been punished?

Under severe cross-examination at the trial, the admission was forced from them that they did this owing to lack of confidence in some of their superiors.

But this is officially called "discreditable and insubordinate conduct." It was common sense.

Do the police know that what is said in the King's Courts is privileged? Have they ever heard of this doctrine?

They cannot punish constables for assisting the Court by replying on oath to questions asked in Court, in the interests of the administration of justice.

This dismissal must be withdrawn. It is an outrage against decency. No man can be tried for an offence for which he has already been acquitted. That, in spite of the high officials of the police, is the common law of this country.

When the men refused to resign, they were asked to make a report of the whole matter.

Was this an afterthought, so that it could be said that the defence of the men was considered?

Punishment first and the defence to be considered afterwards.

Surely a deplorable conception of justice, all the more extraordinary to emanate from an office of the head of the London City Police.

It is comic-opera justice. But it is tragedy, not comedy, for the victims.

Obviously this secret punishment cannot be allowed to follow a public trial.

The whole issue must be brought into the light of day. There is already great public uneasiness about the prevalence of unchecked street betting in London, and at the unaccountable failure of the police to deal effectively with it.

This extraordinary case will deepen the disquiet. Sir W. Nott Bower, in the interests of the force and the public, should hold an open enquiry into this entire subject.

Only by so doing will he restore confidence and convince the citizen that justice is being done.

At present the only possible deduction is that justice is being flouted. At whose instigation, in whose interest?

YOUNG GIRLS LURED ABROAD

Suspicious Laxity of the Passport Office.

WHO is the Government official in the Passport Office who ignores the regulations which aim at protecting young girls from the women who take them abroad and strand them there?

Last week a case came before the Bow Street Magistrate, Mr. Graham Campbell, which throws a sinister light on this whole matter.

Lila Schofield, described as a dancing instructor, and professionally known as Lila Field, of Great Newport Street, W., was sent to prison for two months for causing two girls between the ages of fourteen and sixteen to go out of the United Kingdom to perform for profit without a licence.

She went to the Passport Office and got their permission. The regulations there stipulate that before this permission can be given a Magistrate's licence must be produced.

No such licence was produced. Lila had not got one to produce.

In spite of this somebody at the Passport Office issued the necessary permission.

That such a thing could happen is a grave scandal. The regulations are intended to protect young girls. The official who broke these regulations exposed to the possibility of shame and ruin two young girls it was his official duty to protect.

It is bad enough that there should be women like Lila Field, or Schofield, trafficking in this way. She took the risk and is now in gaol expiating her offence.

But what about the well-paid and responsible public official whose extraordinary and highly suspicious remissness connived at her offence?

Whoever he is and however highly placed, he is a danger to the country.

The Passport Office must be above suspicion.

We demand a full enquiry into this matter, and an apology to the public from the Home Secretary.

TRAP THIS TRAITOR

Renegade who is Ready to Return

We don't want Houston Chamberlain in this country, but if he did manage to come over, we know what we would do with him. And there is no doubt that he is making efforts to come back.

HOUSTON CHAMBERLAIN will be remembered as the self-styled "Englishman" who publicly renounced his country during the war and enrolled himself under the banner of the German Empire to do the dirty work of the Kaiser by vilifying his own countrymen by means of articles in the notorious "Continental Times" and other propaganda sheets run for the purpose of whitewashing the German authors of frightfulness.

Since the Armistice this renegade has been very quiet, but it appears that he is now anxious to visit this country for the purpose of adjusting matters connected with certain property in which he and other members of his family are interested.

To facilitate his visit the renegade has provided himself with an American passport made out in the name of Chambers and bearing the No. W/B. 748 362.

How he came into possession of this passport is a matter that remains to be cleared up, but there is no doubt that he has it and for all we know may have another, for it is an easy matter to obtain passports from any of the clever people who find it profitable to trade in them.

Both the French and the Belgian authorities are aware of the identity of the man bearing this passport and they have refused to issue a *visa* for passing through either French or Belgian territory, a formality "Chambers" must comply with as an American, though were he a British subject he would be under no obligation to seek a *visa*.

It is for the authorities to see to it that the man who vilely slandered better men than himself who were risking their lives in combating the frightfulness he extolled is not allowed to set foot in this country under any pretext whatever.

There is some doubt as to whether Chamberlain is not liable to the full penalty for his treason. A good deal depends on the actual time at which he renounced his British nationality.

It should be worth the while of the authorities to make inquiries with a view to setting doubt in the matter at rest, and if it should be possible to bring this creature to trial by all means let him land here and take the consequences of his landing; but on the other hand if he has placed himself outside the law by the juggling with nationality which he indulged in some time ago, then the least the Government can do is to refuse him permission to land here.

So far a British *visa* has not been obtained, but Chamberlain boasts that this will be an easy task by making use of his powerful friends in this country. Apart from the question of landing here the authorities would be serving a useful purpose if they themselves solved the problem of the property from which Chamberlain has derived no benefit since the war. Now he wants the arrears.

Why should he be permitted to have them? The Government has taken five millions of the taxpayers' money to make good the mission of Chamberlain's German friends—to provide for the dependents of the British seamen sent to the bottom of the ocean by the U boats and of people who suffered during the air raids.

In addition to claiming the revenues coming from the estate, in which he is interested, Chamberlain is demanding compound interest on the amounts falling due. And his object in coming to England now is to be in a position to bully a member of his family into admitting his claim to payment on this scale. If the authorities do their duty he will not handle a penny of the money he covets.

WAYS OF A RUSTIC EXPERT

How a Widow was Left Destitute

"We are soaked in rusticity but not in simplicity" is the motto of Mr. F. Nettlinghame of Rusticana, Ltd. This article shows that he acts up to it.

WE are constantly putting the readers of JOHN BULL on their guard against the plausible people who advertise salaried jobs with the condition attached that the successful applicant must invest a certain sum of money.

A reader of JOHN BULL, Mr. F. C. Booth, of 38, Queen's Gate Terrace, South Kensington, S.W., recently had an interesting adventure of this kind.

He replied to an advertisement in the *Daily Telegraph* inviting the services of a "confidential secretary" to assist the Managing Director of a manufacturing company in delicate negotiations. He was to have personality, a knowledge of the world, and had to take £500 worth of shares.

He got a letter from F. Nettlinghame, general manager of Rusticana, Ltd., with head offices at Bush House, Aldwych, and works at Wyvenhoe, Essex, a firm which makes rustic arches and claims to have been established for over two hundred years.

Mr. Booth kept his eyes and ears open, and from what he learned he decided not to give himself the pleasure of investing £500.

Rusticana sounds like something operatic. It is certainly a humorous concern. On the notepaper it used last December—before it became Ltd., but while Mr. F. Nettlinghame was then its proprietor—it made reference to its rustic title.

"Our work is rustic," it says, "our clothes are rustic, our speech is—well, rude; our thoughts are rustic, our food is rustic, our men are rustic rustics. Our slogan is—'We are soaked in rusticity, but not in simplicity.'"

We agree that Mr. F. Nettlinghame is not soaked in simplicity. We are glad Mr. Booth was not soaked by either Mr. Nettlinghame's rusticity or simplicity.

Not long ago Mr. Nettlinghame appeared in court to prosecute a woman who, he alleged, had demanded from him money with menaces.

This woman, Mrs. Crooks, wife of a retired Irish police-officer, wrote and asked him for fifty pounds to feed her starving children whom, she said, Mr. Nettlinghame had robbed.

Her husband had invested £5,000, all he possessed in the world, in a company called the Standard Housing Company, for which Nettlinghame canvassed for shareholders and in which the public dropped something like £90,000.

The judge asked the jury if they wanted to hear any more, after Nettlinghame had been cross-examined. They said they did not. Mrs. Crooks was immediately acquitted.

Perhaps Rusticana may have a better fate than the Standard Housing Company, which went into compulsory liquidation after a short, exciting and inglorious career.

But we strongly advise those in search of employment not to put money in it. In plain words they would be handing over their cash to a new Company whose General Manager was associated with the concern which came to such a disastrous end.

We know that if they invest their money they are most likely to lose it.

Would anybody invest a shilling with this Company if they knew of the ruin of the ex-police-officer Crooks, or of the record and collapse of the Standard Housing Company, with its trail of wrecked fortunes and broken investors?

Not even, we should think, if they were soaked both in rusticity and simplicity.

Until Mr. Nettlinghame can convince the public that Rusticana, Ltd., is not likely to follow the fate of the Standard Housing Company, we must recommend would-be investors to steer clear of it.

MAJOR TRYON MUST ACT

A Growing Wave of Righteous Indignation

MAJOR TRYON, the Minister of Pensions, must either justify himself by doing justice to a host of suffering war heroes or make way for a better man.

Week in, week out, we are receiving particulars of cases in which the Ministry of Pensions is shamefully betraying the solemn pledges made when men were asked to sacrifice their lives for their country.

Hundreds who answered the call and joined the colours as magnificent specimens of British manhood are now miserable wrecks of humanity, dying unheeded while politicians wrangle.

These men cry to us for the justice which is their due. Major Tryon has assumed responsibility for their welfare, and upon him must rest the blame for the pitiable plight in which they find themselves.

We have not the space to give details of a tithe of the cases in which we have been asked to intervene, but the following is a fair sample.

J. H. E. Fairbrace, of 27, North Lane, Faversham, Kent, was a strong, healthy fellow when he joined the Army, and was passed A1 by the military doctors. He is now a tuberculous weakling, almost entirely bedridden, neglected by the Ministry of Pensions, and dependent upon charity and the Parish for the means of subsistence. While on active service in France he was exposed to conditions which brought about a severe cold and cough. It is perfectly obvious that there and then the seeds of the fearful disease from which he is now suffering took root.

He was demobilised in November, 1919. The Report by the T.B.O. is very definite concerning the attributability of his illness. It says, "I am of opinion that the above-named man is suffering from Tuberculosis of the Lungs, and that the disease is attributable to his service in the Army during the War. . . . The history indicates that the first symptoms of Tuberculosis appeared about the end of 1918."

Nothing could be more definite than that. Yet in the opinion of the Ministry of Pensions, his disability is "neither due to nor aggravated by Military Service." Could anything be more incomprehensible?

An appeal against the decision of the Ministry was disallowed by the Tribunal.

Fairbrace is in despair. He has no powerful friends to take us his case, and appeals to us.

Such cases as this are pouring in upon us in scores, and it is evident that a wave of righteous indignation is growing in the country which will sweep Major Tryon from office and overwhelm the Government with him, unless immediate steps are taken to put an end to the scandal.

The specious plea of economy will not avail as an excuse for such shabby treatment of the men who, in the last resort, are the mainstay of the Empire.

Major Tryon must act, and act quickly.

THE RIGHT KIND OF BABIES

Knowledge that is Denied the Poor.

by ARNOLD BENNETT

THE recent prosecution for selling a practical pamphlet about birth-control, so far as it has yet gone, has exposed the marvellous stupidity of certain persons of a certain importance. As there may be a further appeal I shall not comment upon it further. But, seeing that grave misconceptions about birth-control still exist in the minds of many people, I will state a few general propositions about the matter.

BIRTH-control is regularly, almost universally, practised by all the educated classes of this and other countries. It is a commonplace of their lives, and nobody among them objects to it. Only the lower classes do not practise it, and the reason why they do not practise it is ignorance.

Birth-control is strongly supported by the leading medical authorities and the leading sociologists.

The last thing desired by the advocates of birth-control is the distribution of indecent pamphlets likely to appeal to a prurient mind. Birth-control can be, and is, adequately explained in perfectly decent and sober phraseology.

ADVOCATES of birth-control most assuredly do not desire the extinction of the race nor the lowering of the physical standard of the race. And they do not desire to pander to the shirking of parenthood by healthy and well-to-do parents. On the contrary their main desire is to improve the race.

But they insist on the absurdity of a high birth-rate if a high birth-rate means a high infant mortality-rate. And they point out that in some parts of Britain, owing to the absence of birth-control, one baby out of every four dies in infancy.

Thus tens of thousands of mothers undergo the tremendous ordeal of motherhood, and parents suffer the anguish of bereavement and the burdensome cost of births and funerals, and whole families are rendered miserable and penurious—with no resulting good whatever and a vast deal of resulting harm.

The advocates of birth-control see a national danger, an unmistakable tendency towards national decline, in the uncontrolled, wholesale, and animal-like breeding which at present goes on in the poorest and the least healthy classes.

Their efforts at reform are specially directed to the education of these classes in a matter of the highest importance for the welfare of the nation.

THE advocates of birth-control do not want empty cradles. On the other hand they do not want cradles full of puny and useless infants whom their parents have not the means to nourish and bring up properly, and whose mere coming into the world involves deprivation, loss of health, misery, and even tragedy for the households in which they appear.

The advocates of birth-control have no fear that married couples will lose the habit of having children. They know that nature is unconquerable and does not change.

SAINTS *and* SINNERS

Pen Portraits of Prominent People

by HESKETH PEARSON

I DON'T in the least wish to be disrespectful, but I can't describe Dr. Davidson any better than by saying that he reminds me very forcibly of "Old King Cole." It will be remembered by those of my readers who occasionally dip into a book of nursery rhymes that the monarch referred to "was a merry old soul"; that, in fact, to make no mistake about it, "a merry old soul was he." And though Dr. Davidson's archiepiscopal duties may prevent him from carrying out the entire programme with which His Merry Majesty is daily credited, I haven't a shadow of doubt that he regrets it.

The Archbishop of Canterbury.

THERE never was a heartier, jollier, friendlier archbishop than Randall Cantuar (as he signs himself). His friends, indeed, experience considerable difficulty in remembering that he is an archbishop. They associate him with everything that is memorably pleasant at tea-parties and conundrum-competitions. He manages, in some mysterious manner, to make even official functions comparatively human. He is so extraordinarily engaging and simple and there is such an air of "bring-all-your-troubles-to-me" about him, that the lady who called him to his face "a dear old thing," almost got a round of applause from those who heard it, instead of being shown the door for what was actually a gross breach of ecclesiastical etiquette.

QUEEN VICTORIA was quite childishly fond of him. He was her domestic chaplain; and King Edward, whose tastes were not often the same as his mother's, was nevertheless sufficiently of her mind on this point to offer Dr. Davidson the See of Canterbury.

For twenty years he has served the Church loyally and conscientiously. Whether he has served the country as well as the Church may be open to question. He has certainly not been the spiritual force that Benson and Temple were before him. He is too easy-going by nature to be anything but respectably orthodox, too inclined to regard the letter of the thirty-nine articles as more important than the spirit of the Four Gospels. He likes to see the Church toddle along in a quiet, constitutional way. He is a path-follower, not a path-finder.

WHENEVER the Church has been confronted by some big human problem, he has been content to quote texts, quite oblivious of the fact that (in Shakespeare's words) "the Devil can cite scripture for his purpose," and that text-quoting is a very poor substitute for the inner light that should guide every civilised man to help, not hinder, his brother. A pretty fair specimen of this strangely unChristian attitude was given us during the war, when the Archbishop led a crusade in the House of Lords against the legitimation of soldiers' children.

People don't want theology nowadays; they want leadership. And though a man may be as charming as the Archbishop of Canterbury or as clever as Dean Inge, neither personality nor brilliance can make up for a lack of that deep, sympathetic understanding of humanity in all its aspects which is worth more than all the vestments and dogmas in the universe.

CARTOONETTES

by FRANK HOLLAND

The "gas disasters" every day
The experts are confounding,
And all last week Westminster way
The leakage was astounding.

We thought it was "The Straits" that made
The Turkish blood to boil,
But all the row, it seems, is now
About the Mosul Oil!

Of gold in millions Sam's now got
Six hundred and a half,
Or just enough, say, of the stuff,
To make a golden calf.

Now scientists have traced at last
The influenza germ,
Perhaps they may succeed some day
In tracking down the Therm.

A Forlorn Hope.

[*According to Professor Lose, the London of fifty years hence will be a noiseless city.*]

The deafening roar of the Underground trains
Is about to be shorn of its might,
In fact, to depart—a Professor explains—
And the Tubes will be silent as night.

The 'buses and cars and the hawkers who blare
"Coal!" and "Milk!" will be silenced in turn;
And even political vendors of air
In silence their living may earn.

Just think of the peace of a silence intense,
Of a city unheard through the day;
But alas! this must wait until science invents
A woman with nothing to say.

Candid Communications

(Outspoken Messages to Celebrities, Notorieties and Occasionally Nonentities)

To RAMSEY MACDONALD, Esq., M.P., Westminster.

SIR,—You tell us that your party can make of the House of Commons a great revolutionary agency by the application of new ideas to old problems. That is the right and pacific way to bring about revolutions. In the meantime can you not bring about a revolution in the manners of some of your interrupting followers in the House. Their "back-chat" with Lady Astor is too often vulgar without being funny. Ask them to show dignity even when the more aristocratic members show them so bad an example. JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. LORD HEWART, Lord Chief Justice of England.

MY LORD,—In refreshing contrast to some of our judges you have doubts about savage sentences on even habitual criminals. You refused to consent to an addition of seven years preventive detention to the sentence of a man, who, though an habitual criminal, tried to reform and worked honestly for many months till his "pals" found him and led him astray. There are some risks worth taking, my Lord Chief Justice of England, and one of them is in helping a lame dog over a stile. Respect for the law is not produced by savage severity. It is a wise as well as an upright judge who can temper justice with mercy. JOHN BULL.

To Sir ERNEST POLLOCK, Ex-Attorney General.

SIR,—You tell us that the beer duty is too high, that the income tax is too high and that those who are framing the new Budget appreciate the fact. Give them some good advice, Mr. ex-Attorney. Tell them to cut down this taxation, not merely to talk about it. Talk is cheap—living is dear. JOHN BULL.

To Sir WILLIAM ELLIS HUME WILLIAMS, K.C., The Law Courts.

SIR,—You are one of His Majesty's Council learned in law. Summoned for driving a car without a front off-side light you pleaded that you did not know it was needed. "If that is law," said a famous judge once, "I may as well burn my law-books. "No, my lord," retorted counsel, "better read them." You often give legal advice; here is your opportunity to take some. JOHN BULL.

To Sir ALFRED MOND, M.P., Ex-Minister of Health.

SIR,—You blithely asked the Government in the Debate on the Address what they were going to do about the Housing Question. Was it quite fair? You had your chance to settle it. Why didn't you? Should the pot call the kettle black before the kettle has yet got up steam? JOHN BULL.

To "Comrade" NEWBOLD, M.P., House of Commons.

SIR,—Going to Moscow "to contradict the lies and calumnies with which the hirelings of British capital surround Russia," you seem to have been held in high honour. The Soviet organisation made you member of the Presidium of the Executive Committee of the Communist International. It seems an awful lot of words. We presume they mean something. You were also shown the same sights by the same guides who told the same stories they tell to all carefully shepherded visitors. A pleasant trip, but much as you enjoyed it, that will not make Bolshevism popular here. You are barking up the wrong tree. JOHN BULL.

To His Eminence CARDINAL BOURNE, Westminster Cathedral

YOUR EMINENCE,—There are many reasons why this country is against Pussyfootism. Yours is one of the best. Prohibition, you say, is the antithesis of temperance, which means moderation. You say also that it is an open confession of failure to educate the people. The temperance fanatics will be very angry with you. But the sane people are all on your side. And, after all, they do count, if they don't shout so loudly as the frothy intemperate Pussyfoot soap-box orators. JOHN BULL.

To LORD CARNARVON, Luxor, Egypt.

MY LORD,—It is good that you should extend our range of knowledge even at the expense of the late lamented Tutankhamen's sepulchral privacy. But let these things be done decently and in order. The public does not like this squabble about the monopoly of film news and photographic rights, and other sordid commercial details. Exhumation and exploitation do not go well together. JOHN BULL.

To "LITTLE WILLIE" HOHENZOLLERN, Wieringen, Holland.

DEAR WEARY WILLIE,—You are quite incorrigible. Having disapproved of your War-Lord Papa, and burst up your own country, and blamed Hindenburg for losing the war, you now have the impudence to suggest that Germany should become a British Colony. Ultimately, perhaps, you hope that Britain would become a German colony. No, "little Willie," you tried that game once. You lost. Keep quiet, learn modesty, if you cannot learn sense. We won't have you in this country at any price—except in jail. JOHN BULL.

To LORD ROBERT CECIL, M.P., House of Commons.

MY LORD,—There is a proposal to appoint you British Representative on the Council of the League of Nations. Before you accept find out what the League of Nations is doing for the millions it costs. So far its chief achievement has been to investigate the Chinese opium traffic. Very good work, no doubt, but exceedingly dear at the price. The cost of the League to date would have bought out the opium trade several times over. JOHN BULL.

To the Rt Hon. The LORD MAYOR OF LONDON, The Mansion House.

MY LORD,—You were both kind and generous in letting off Thos. Durgan, the boy who was charged with raiding Billingsgate carts. His brother ex-soldier, sorely wounded in France, wrote a manly letter, saying he had once been "given a chance" by your predecessor, Sir William Treloar, had made good and pleaded for a similar chance for his younger brother. I hope your effort in elemency may be quite as successful. JOHN BULL.

HER DILEMMA

HOUSEWIFE BONAR: "Would it be safer to bring them in before the storm bursts?"

Without Fear or Favour

The Editor's Views on Vital Topics

A GREAT country remains great by acting in a great way. We are proud to think that Britain has acted up to this maxim in connection with the American debt. This reflection has been to us even a more valuable consolation than the friendly and complimentary cheers of gratified Americans in the Legislature at Washington. We incurred this unprecedented obligation in the common cause of humanity. We spent the money in America on American goods and never counted the cost. We propose to pay the debt we have thus incurred, no matter how heavy and exhausting the sacrifice entailed. Nothing less would become a great nation, highly resolved to maintain its greatness.

Our Allies' Debts to Us

But when we have faced the position frankly, and taken the only honourable decision unflinchingly, are we not entitled to ask if there are not other great nations in the world, equally sensitive and self-respecting in connection with the financial obligations they also incurred for the same reasons and in the same cause?

We certainly do not intend to urge our gallant Allies, to whom we lent money during the war, to make an effort now, amidst their many difficulties and uncertainties, to pay back the sums we willingly advanced to them.

At the same time we think that any gesture from them, indicating that they hoped to be able to invite us to discuss the terms, the conditions and the times of repayment, would be a welcome thing, and a substantial help in easing the burden on all the peoples of the world caused by the present confused and disturbed state of international finance.

Bad trade and unemployment are the inevitable consequences of this confusion and disturbance. Only by better finance can the trade of the world be restored and the debts of the nations paid. Can there be any doubt amongst our great debtor nations that a paid debt benefits debtor as well as creditor?

WE are glad to see that the daily press is waking up to the shocking scandal of the slaughter-houses which we have so long and vigorously denounced. We shall not reproach them for their tardiness in following our lead if they help us in the campaign to abolish the horrors which now in numberless abattoirs up and down the country accompany the killing of animals by man.

Slaughter-House Reform

Needless cruelty is always abhorrent; to inflict it on dumb and helpless animals is revolting barbarity. The principle of humane slaughtering commends itself not only to public opinion, but to the enlightened and progressive section of the trade. The old prejudice that it affects the quality and condition of the meat is merely a prejudice. But amongst the old-fashioned butchers, unwilling to admit that their old methods were wrong, it dies hard.

The Government is dealing with this question evasively and half-heartedly. The Ministry of Health still turns a deaf ear to the demand for a full and scientific inquiry into the whole question, still leaves loopholes in administration that permit the old, cruel, and dreadful methods of slaughter to terrify and madden the beasts who must be sacrificed for our food.

It is unworthy and illogical apathy. We protect animals in their life-time against cruelty. In the hour when they are needed for the service of man we abandon them to the worst barbarities of avoidable pain and suffering.

In the interests of public health and decency and of humanity, and in order that the practice in this country should be brought up to the highest standards of other civilised countries, we repeat the demand for reform.

We are convinced that if the public realised the horrors that lie behind the doors of some of our slaughter-houses, such a volume of protest would sweep across the land as would compel the Government to act at once.

THE affairs of the Empire Exhibition are drifting from bad to worse. Our strong and persistent criticism of this appalling muddle has been more than justified. We find little satisfaction in that. Our object is not criticism for its own sake, but to save this great Imperial undertaking from disaster. If that is to be done the Government must again take our advice. It accepted our urgent appeal for an enquiry. The scope of that enquiry was much more limited than we should have liked. But at least Sir William Joynson-Hicks made certain recommendations that promised to reconstitute the whole disastrous management of this important concern.

Empire Exhibition Muddle

The Duke of Devonshire, Chairman of the Executive Council, approved of these recommendations. The Government supported them. Now the Executive Council, through a Sub-Committee, is hanging them up by the familiar time-wasting device of bringing in counter-proposals. They find legal difficulties in the way of appointing Sir Travers Clarke, the retiring Quartermaster-General, to be the effective working head of the Exhibition.

In these circumstances we again offer advice to the Government. We ask it to take such drastic steps as will overrule this contumacious and officious Executive Council's Sub-Committee, and hammer out another way of extricating the Exhibition from the present control which has brought it to the verge of disaster. This, in all probability, will require a short Act of Parliament. But that involves no insuperable difficulty.

If firm action had been taken months ago, when we first raised the matter, the problem would have been solved by now. There is still time—but none to spare. In deference to our Colonies, who have subscribed large sums, and to the guarantors, who so generously answered the appeal of the Prince of Wales, this muddle must be cleared up. We indicate the best way.

The sooner the Articles of Association are altered and Sir Travers Clarke put in control and the wings of Mr. Wintour clipped, the sooner will the brake be put on the wheels which are rolling down the road to ruin.

WE believe that the Labour leaders who vehemently oppose emigration on principle protest too much. They are right in their contention that when emigration is insisted upon as the sole and exclusive remedy for unemployment, it must be first made clear that all other preventable causes of unemployment have been removed.

The Emigration Problem.

If that were done, if taxation were drastically reduced and trade effectively stimulated, the number of our unemployed would fall to pre-war figures. There would still be a margin of unemployed—even in boom times that was always there. It would, however, be a manageable margin. It would remove the reproach that nearly five years after the war, in a land supposed to be fit for heroes, the terrors of unemployment and starvation were greater than before.

On the other side of the picture is the imperative need for maintaining the free choice of a career for those enterprising spirits who feel the call of the great open sunlit spaces of the Empire, who desire to seek health and wealth there, and a larger hope, and still remain under the British flag.

The Empire stands to benefit by a wise redistribution of its population, the emigrants by the greater opportunities, the more rapidly developing resources of our great overseas sister-nations, the Dominions by the influx of British citizens whom they urgently seek and welcome.

They must be the right type of British citizens. We are wasting millions in Palestine and Mesopotamia. Why not spend this money on giving the best kind of intensive training to the best kind of intending emigrants and so enable those who seek in the great Dominions the "career open to the talents" to take the full opportunity they offer of a happy, prosperous and richer life?

THE excited newspapers which are seeking to make our flesh creep with stories of arsenic in green tea are creating a storm in a teacup. It is not a very devastating tornado, for no actual casualties have yet been recorded. The cup which cheers still wears its honours unsullied, and keeps, as the poet said of it, the palace of the soul serene. Every now and again some grave and portentous scientist steps forth from his study, frantically waves his spectacles at a heedless world, and warns it that death, damnation and disaster lurk in beef and beer, the trivial round and common cask.

More Food Scares

A stolid and unafraid humanity, which has survived all the age-old perils of the table, goes on persistently feeding. Jonathan Swifte, the earliest gloomy Dean, used to say that it was a brave man who first ate an oyster. It might be a braver, but it would be an even more foolish man who should starve himself to death to justify the fulminating and forbidding scientists.

NO ROOM TO LIVE

by A. G. GARDINER

IF we could hear by some system of broadcasting the talk that is going on at this moment among clerks in offices, shopmen in shops and workers in factories, I fancy we should find that the most general and much the most acute subject was rents and houses. What is to be done about it?

The dilemma of rents is insoluble in the present circumstances. It is hard no doubt in many cases that the landlord should have to bear the burden of control while other interests have escaped, but the idea of decontrolling in the existing conditions is unthinkable. Rents would leap up and the unhappy tenants would have to go without anywhere to go to.

Take a case I know in a country town. There is a whole street of two-room houses. In each room there is a separate family. In one of these rooms eight people live, eat, sleep, dress, wash, perform all the functions of life. The mother was recently confined in that room. Think of it, the squalor, the wretchedness, the lack of rest, comfort and decency, and the effect on health.

And this is no exceptional case. All over the country, in cities and in villages alike, the same monstrous conditions prevail. Hundreds of thousands of people are living their lives in these degraded surroundings.

Is it conceivable that to their afflictions there can be added the upward screw of the rent that will drive them out into the street altogether? It cannot be done. Every instinct of justice and humanity would revolt against such an outrage.

It is not the fault of the wretched people. It is due to the failure of the State to deal with an emergency that can only be met by the State. The cottage paying an economic rent has become impossible, owing to the effects of the war and the peace, for which the householders are no more responsible than the man in the moon.

There was a shortage of houses, before the war, of half-a-million. There is a shortage to-day of over a million. No houses were built during the war, and since the war we have hardly kept pace with the normal increase, much less making up lee-way. To allow rents to rise uncontrolled in the face of this enormous famine is simply to condemn the poor to be dishoused and left without a roof to their heads at all.

The only remedy is to build! build! build! But private enterprise cannot build with the expectation of getting an economic return, and it naturally will not build without.

The late Government inaugurated a wasteful system which fed the "rings" and enabled cunning men to profiteer.

What is the present Government going to do? It cannot leave this infamy untouched. It must find houses for the people to live in. It must compel the local authorities to build, giving them what help is just, but forcing them to act and to act at once. When we have got abundance of houses we can leave the rent question free. But not till then.

BEER FOR THE MI

by J. St. LOE STRACHEY

Editor of "The Spectator."

"PROHIBITION is not the safe or sound way to handle the drink questio The way to handle it is to forbid private individuals to make a profit o of the manufacture or sale of intoxicants." The writer of this article mak this important pronouncement in support of his advocacy of the nationalisatio of the liquor trade. His is a sane and sound attempt to provide a solutio at once popular and practical for the problem which has for so long baffle both politicians and public.

I DO not think there is a man living who dislikes and distrusts State ownership and State control of industries more than I do. I am an individualist and an anti-Socialist; and not because I want to protect my own shekels, but because I believe that nationalisation of industries would mean waste and inefficiency, and waste and inefficiency are the things which keep the poor man down.

But there is one exception to my intense opposition to nationalisation. I do not want railways, or mines, or anything else nationalised, and I should like, if I could, to denationalise the telephones and de-municipalise tramways. Yet, strange as it may seem at first sight, I should like to see, and would make great sacrifices to see, the production and sale of intoxicants nationalised.

HERE are my reasons:

There are some things of which you cannot sell too much. They can be sold in ever increasing quantities without any harm being done to the community. For example, no individual will be the worse if you can induce him to take a dozen copies of JOHN BULL beyond the one he usually consumes. Again, no man is likely to be ruined morally, or to misbehave himself, if by good salesmanship I can induce him to buy ten copies of the *Spectator*.

There are, however, other things of which, if the individual is induced to take more than a strictly limited amount, immense harm may be done to him and also to the State. It may do a man good, or certainly no appreciable harm, to drink his quart of beer or his pint of wine; but if by skilful salesmanship you induce him to take four times that quantity you may do him a grave injury, spoil him as a man and a worker whether with his brain or his hands, and make him a danger to his family, a disgrace to himself, and a nuisance to the community.

The injury lies in the extra glasses, and so in the success of those arts of advertisement, push and salesmanship, which we admire, and rightly admire, in ordinary trading—arts which *there* are nothing but beneficial.

WHAT is the conclusion from these premises? It is that there are certain trades in which the arts just named cannot be allowed if injury to the State is to be avoided.

The trade in intoxicants is of all others the trade in which, though it may be perfectly right and proper to sell up to a certain point, there is a risk of deep national injury, or even of national ruin, if it is pushed beyond that point.

In this simple secret lies the solution of the liquor problem.

I am no Prohibitionist. I do not believe that moderation in the use of intoxicants does any harm to the individual or to the State, and I know that the attempt to deprive people of the right of choice in this matter may do very great harm indeed and lead to many forms of social anarchy and corruption. Witness what is happening in America to-day.

In a word, I hold that Prohibition is not the safe or the sound way to handle the drink question. *The way to handle it is to forbid private individuals to make a profit out of the manufacture or sale of intoxicants.* In the case of intoxicants it is not safe to allow men to use arts and devices which in ordinary business from the selling of socks to blouses, or knives to typewriters, can be practised without the slightest injury.

Mr. J. St. LOE STRACHEY.

In saying this I am bringing no accusation against the existing vendors of intoxicants of deliberately scheming to get men to drink more than they should drink. To suggest a conscious and deliberate demoralisation of the community in this fashion would be monstrously unjust. I do say, however, that it is most dangerous to put people into a position by which profit-making may and does mean injury to the community. But in our handling of the liquor trade we have gone beyond that. We actually incite and stimulate men (here, again, unconsciously) to intensive trading in a business where such trading must bring injury.

Consider for a moment the way we treat the liquor trade. In the first place, we tax intoxicants tremendously heavily, largely in the hope of restricting consumption. There is nothing else in the country taxed at so heavy a ratio. On the top of this high taxation, we place every sort of restriction in the way of hours and police regulations, which interfere, and *in theory* rightly interfere, with consumption.

What is the practical result of this taxation and restriction? The result is that if a man or a firm is to make a profit out of liquor they must employ the ablest traders and the most expert salesmen procurable or go under. After they have paid their special taxes and the expenses involved in the restric there is very little due to what we ma harmless trade out of which a dividend c paid. The dividend must come out of pu trade to the furthest sible point, consistent commercial honesty legality. In other wor the situation in whi finds itself the trade (again unconsciously, consciously) induce sumption far above datum line of safety.

It is for these reas hold that the only safe of handling the liquor is to lay down the ciple that no privat dividuals shall be allow make a profit by the m facture, importation, o of intoxicants, and that manufacture, importation, and sale sh a monopoly of the State. It is a mon well suited to the State. The State i ideal seller of intoxicants. As Civil Ser are not paid in proportion to profits ea there is no fear of their using the a commerce to press liquor upon people would be far better not to have it pr upon them.

Did anybody, I ask my readers, eve to press upon you any of the things the Government now sells to the pu Did any young lady in a post-office whisper to you that you ought to buy po stamps or that you were not takin fullest advantage of the splendid service the Department offered you for pushing wares by post?

Look at the salesmanship of the Sta regard to annuities. As a matter of f believe that the State gives better ba in annuities than do the Insurance Comp But the State does not imitate the Insu Companies in their admirable systen advertisement. It never sends anybo call upon Mr. or Mrs. Jones and expla them what an advantage they would g they have no children, by buying an an for their joint lives if they are advanc years.

THE Editor does not necessarily share all the views expressed on this page, but considers them of sufficient interest and importance to warrant publication. It is intended to make this journal the recognised platform for the free discussion of the leading topics of the day.

OR THE MILLION!

by J. St. LOE STRACHEY

Editor of "The Spectator."

HIBITION is not the safe or sound way to handle the drink question. he way to handle it is to forbid private individuals to make a profit out anufacture or sale of intoxicants." The writer of this article makes portant pronouncement in support of his advocacy of the nationalisation liquor trade. His is a sane and sound attempt to provide a solution popular and practical for the problem which has for so long baffled both politicians and public.

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Mr. J. St. LOE STRACHEY.

the expenses involved in the restrictions, there is very little due to what we may call harmless trade out of which a dividend can be paid. The dividend must come out of pushing trade to the furthest possible point, consistent with commercial honesty and legality. In other words, in the situation in which it finds itself the trade must (again unconsciously, not consciously) induce consumption far above the datum line of safety.

It is for these reasons I hold that the only safe way of handling the liquor trade is to lay down the principle that no private individuals shall be allowed to make a profit by the manufacture, importation, or sale of intoxicants, and that such manufacture, importation, and sale shall be a monopoly of the State. It is a monopoly well suited to the State. The State is the ideal seller of intoxicants. As Civil Servants are not paid in proportion to profits earned, there is no fear of their using the arts of commerce to press liquor upon people who would be far better not to have it pressed upon them.

Did anybody, I ask my readers, ever try to press upon you any of the things which the Government now sells to the public? Did any young lady in a post-office ever whisper to you that you ought to buy postage stamps or that you were not taking the fullest advantage of the splendid service that the Department offered you for pushing your wares by post?

Look at the salesmanship of the State in regard to annuities. As a matter of fact, I believe that the State gives better bargains in annuities than do the Insurance Companies. But the State does not imitate the Insurance Companies in their admirable systems of advertisement. It never sends anybody to call upon Mr. or Mrs. Jones and explain to them what an advantage they would get, as they have no children, by buying an annuity for their joint lives if they are advanced in years.

Whoever met an official of the State canvassing for telephones, marking down every house of the well-to-do which had not got one, and sending a persuasive gentleman or lady who would call and say in effect: "You do not know it, but what you want is a telephone, and if you could spare me ten minutes I could explain what it would do for you, how it would save you money, and at what a very small burden on your income we could supply it," and so on?

IF you go to the Government and say you want a dozen stamps you can get them. You can even induce the haughty purveyors of the telephone service to oblige you, but of push and go in the sale of Government wares there is none. This, though very bad for commerce, is the very thing you want in the liquor trade. You do not want people to take that margin of extra consumption through suggestion and advertisement, which is very often the whole secret of success in commerce, but instead to restrict not enlarge their purchases.

Therefore, let the State buy out the liquor trade. If we do that, the problem of Prohibition is solved. It will then be in nobody's interest to support the cause of liquor, and liquor consumption will find its proper level. People who like, and find a reasonable pleasure and perhaps some physical betterment in a moderate amount of intoxicants will be able to get them. Those who are lazy and indifferent, and perhaps feel at heart that they are all the better without alcohol, will never have it thrust upon them.

I UNDERSTAND that in the Province of Quebec, where the State has a monopoly of liquor, the system is working well. The individual may buy wine and light beer, not only for home consumption, but at a hotel or restaurant. Again, if he wants spirits, he may get them, but only by direct application to a State Department. The hotels and restaurants are exactly in the position of the Trust Houses here. They are not allowed to sell light beers and wines at prices higher than those ordained by the State.

They may make, that is, no profit on liquor, though they can and do make, of course, plenty of profit on their food, their cigars, their mineral waters, their tea and their coffee. Hence the whole of the trading and sale arts are concentrated upon the non-intoxicants.

THE community is free from the tyrannies and ineptitudes of Prohibition, and yet it is to no one's pecuniary interest to make his fellow-man take more liquor than is good for him. *No interference with personal liberty, but also no profit in making men drink.* That should be the motto, not merely of temperance reformers, but of all good citizens.

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THE REVOLT AGAINST MARRIAGE

by DOUGLAS GOLDRING

IN the period of intellectual chaos in which we have been living since 1919, the newspapers have been so full of stories of matrimonial unhappiness, of propaganda against marriage as an institution, of clamour for facilities for cheap and easy divorce, that it is small wonder that the younger generation is showing an eagerness for sexual experiment which is calculated to shock and disturb their parents.

I believe that many of the boys and girls who are trying to find a new and better way out of the sexual tangle are animated by the highest ideals. What I am not so sure of is that these ideals are firmly based on the ascertained facts about human life and character.

To begin with, it is one of the first rules of our existence that nothing can be had without paying for it. You cannot have your cake and eat it. Happiness in marriage has, in the long run, to be earned by the self-control and mutual consideration of husbands and wives.

Evidence that thousands of married couples cannot make a success of their joint lives does not prove that marriage as an institution is a failure, merely that individuals have either chosen their mates badly or have failed to fulfil the demands which married life makes on character.

I may be very old-fashioned, but in all these diatribes against modern marriage which have been set going by Miss Jane Burr and other well-meaning propagandists, it seems to me that there is much too much "sex talk," and too great a tendency to assume that the moment when intense physical passion has died down between married people is the moment for them to break up their homes.

Marriage, rightly understood, pre-supposes a certain amount of self-restraint and men and women who for temperamental reasons require a highly sexual life, ought to be very chary of embarking on it. Marriage is undoubtedly the grave of one kind of love, the love which is chiefly made up of physical passion. But it is at the same time the only condition which can give birth to that deeper love, based on mutual respect and consideration and upon interests shared in common, which is really the mainspring of life.

Unhappy as are many present-day marriages, I believe that it can still be said that the majority are on the whole a success. We most of us know and cherish friends who have charming homes and delightful children. The stability of such homes is more than is usually admitted a thing which concerns many people besides the husband and wife.

When a home breaks up, a whole intimate circle is broken with it, and the children suffer most of all. But the majority of homes do not break up; and for the majority of people ordinary legal marriage, with all its difficulties, brings in the long run more happiness than any number of "free" and temporary unions.

MY CONFESSIONS OF TURF SWINDLES

How I Fooled Wootton!

How a three-year-old was dyed and doped so that her former owner did not recognise her—and the sequel!

by P. C. (Pat) BARRIE—Ex-convict and Master Horse-Faker

IT was bad luck alone that queered my first big exploit, the substitution of the three-year-old Mexican Belle for the two-year-old filly, La Lune, entered to run in two races at Doncaster.

The plan my friend Gilbert Marsh and I had formed was simply to run a good horse under the name and reputation of a poor one, so that its chance of winning would be increased a hundredfold.

When Mexican Belle came to me she was a bay with two white legs and a big white face. Once seen she would never be forgotten—unless her appearance were drastically altered.

That is exactly what I did.

Two days before the race I dyed her from bay to brown, carefully touching up her face and legs to match La Lune filly.

Mexican Belle was not the exact replica of La Lune, but the resemblance was good enough to pass muster, and, what was much more important, the disguise was complete. I had no fear that Dick or Stanley Wootton, who I know were present at the meeting, would recognise the selling plater they had parted with at Folkestone.

We put up K. Robertson, the champion light-weight of his day, and one of the cleverest jockeys I have ever known, though somewhat small—fatally, as it proved to be. Robertson, of course, knew nothing about our little scheme.

The filly was to run on Wednesday and again on Friday. Being an unknown quantity, it was our intention to give her a "stopper" in the first race, so that she would make a poor show, then with the assistance of some gee-up dope let her come away on the Friday and rake in the winnings.

The stopper which we gave the filly was a dose of laudanum. This I have found makes a horse run sluggishly and sleepily.

On the Wednesday Robertson got La Lune away well, and kept her in the first three until the final stretch.

I had no qualms about what the result would be, though I heard Marsh softly swearing. He knew that if the filly romped home a winner in the first race, it would queer the price for Friday's coup.

His fears were groundless, however, for the best La Lune could do was to finish sixth, and we breathed easy again.

We got her back to her box quickly, and next morning I found her none the worse for her sleeping draught. She was eating well and was frisky, as I like to see a horse, and I was satisfied that she could do the trick on Friday.

The great day dawned, wet and miserable, sloppy underfoot and grey overhead—the sort of day when none but the needy and greedy would go racing except in a case like Doncaster, which, though not a national event, is a county function and attracts thousands of people.

Marsh and I took the filly on the course in the morning, gave her a pipe-opener, and she went freely and pulled up as sound as a bell.

I did not keep her very long in the open, for it was raining heavily, and I was taking no chances with that dye. Besides, I had yet to administer the "gee-up" dope which would put her in the finest fettle.

I performed this operation half-an-hour before the race. With a hypodermic syringe I gave her four grains of cocaine under the skin.

I then saddled and left her in charge of a boy, with instructions that he was to hold her head if she got at all excited, and soothe her or send for me.

The filly did get excited, but she soothed herself in a way which proved to be our undoing. The idiot in charge of her evidently did not notice that while she was standing there in the box she was chewing away at one of her reins, which she had got into her mouth.

If he did notice it, he must have thought she was partial to leather, and felt that he was rendering us a good turn by indulging her. It is extremely unlikely that he thought at all. I remember the boy; he did not look as if he were capable of any sustained mental effort.

. . . .

The saddling bell rang, and along came Robertson. We led the filly out, and he was hoisted up into the saddle, with instructions to keep with his field, and to come away at the distance and win as far as he liked. I also told him that I could account for her poor show on the Wednesday, and he would find that she ran a different animal from what she was on that day.

In the meantime Marsh was doing the commission. A lot of it was put on "away," but a considerable amount went on the course, without, however, shortening her price.

There were two very strong favourites in the race, a horse called Magic Wire, trained by Kingsley, which was a hot order at 5 to 4, and Ridgeway, one of Gwilt's, which was at 3 to 1. A third favourite was found in Lovely Nightie, which was 4 to 1.

And it says something for the miserable character of the field that not one of the horses that ran in that race ever won a race of any description except the winner, and he never won afterwards. The betting was 5 to 4, 3 to 1, 3 to 1, and 12½ others, in which last lot La Lune filly figured, and when I saw the way they were betting, it looked as though a big stake was coming my way.

Now that the race was about to begin, all feeling of tension or suspense left me. I always feel confident that a horse I have set out to win a race with will succeed in romping home, barring accidents. If an accident occurs, that is not my fault and it cannot be helped.

. . . .

The accident to La Lune occurred as soon as the gate flew up and the filly leapt away in front.

I was standing with Marsh near the winning post, and for a few seconds I couldn't understand what was happening. I was utterly bewildered, and wondered what on earth was the matter with Robertson in allowing La Lune to flounder about from one side of the course to another in the way she was doing.

It flashed through my mind that the dope had gone to the filly's head, but I had such complete knowledge of the action of cocaine on horses that I knew that something else must be causing her strange antics.

Then as the field drew nearer I saw that Robinson was leaning over her head as if he were trying to grab something, and all at once I realised the truth.

The chewed rein was broken.

I turned to Marsh. He was staring absolutely stricken dumb at La Lune as she zigzagged down the course.

"It's all up, Marsh," I muttered. "The reins are broken. Our luck's dead out."

He gave a groan and then a mighty swear, for he knew that there was no hope now of our coup coming off.

The filly was absolutely out of control and the cocaine intended to bring the very best out of her succeeded only in making it impossible for Robertson to grab that dangling rein.

If only the jockey had been a little bigger, if only he had been able to get hold of that broken end, we would have won a fortune.

I felt a queer sickening feeling in my stomach as the field flashed past the post with La Lune last.

She was completely out of control and pranced on beyond the post with Robertson quite unable to stop her.

Suddenly Marsh grabbed my arm and pointed to a man running across the track to try to stop the filly.

"Look, Pat," he gasped. "Dick Wootton. It's all up now."

My heart was in my mouth Did ever any man have such infernally bad luck?

Surely it was bad enough to lose the race after having laid our plans so carefully and spent so much time on their preparation—not to mention the money we had laid out in expenses and most of all in bets. These things in themselves were enough to make a saint swear—but on top of them all a misfortune far more serious seemed about to befall us.

If Dick Wootton stopped La Lune, there was a big chance that he might be struck by a resemblance to Mexican Belle, which he himself had owned.

My mind pictured in that instant everything that would take place—recognition, the discovery that the horse had been dyed—exposure and imprisonment.

"He's caught her!" ejaculated Marsh. "I think it's time we went, Pat."

I kept a grip of his arm and stood still. Somehow I felt that we had had enough bad luck for one day.

Dick Wootton held the filly while Robertson dismounted.

"Come on," I said; "the sooner we get her away the better."

I ran over and grabbed La Lune's bridle with a word of thanks to Dick Wootton.

To my amazement he said nothing. *He had not spotted his own horse.*

I hurried her away, feeling thankful at least for this good fortune, and got her safely into her box.

Marsh was there waiting for me, and he almost chuckled when I told him how Dick Wootton had been deceived.

Now, you might imagine that I would be in particularly bad odour over this ghastly failure. I refer more especially to the people who had backed the horse knowing it was a fake. Instead of which I had nothing but sympathy, and from people in the know, whose names, were I to mention them, would make your hair stand on end.

It is not my practice, however, to allow myself to be upset by small failures, and in the notorious "Coat of Mail" case, which figured so prominently in my trial, I succeeded in amply covering my losses. I will tell you the story of this thrilling coup next week.

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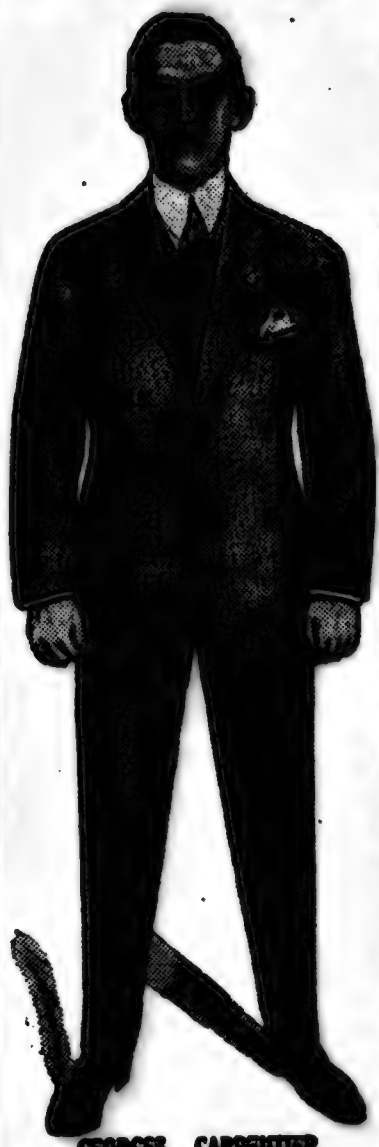

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UNDERGROUND HISTORY

The Tube Traveller Meets Mr. Asquith

by HARRISON OWEN

THE Underground Traveller nudged his companion in the ribs. "Notice the venerable ole gent. 'oo just got in, George?" he inquired in a hoarse stage whisper calculated to carry halfway round the Inner Circle. "... What! you don't know 'im? Really, George, I'm surprised at such ignorance in a member of an edikated democracy. 'Aven't you never 'eard of Margot, the lady 'oo wrote the ought-to-be-geography? Well, that's 'er 'usband. Nice ole gent 'e is, too, is 'Enry. Politician of the ole school—never loses 'is temper, reads 'Ansard in the original an' speaks Latin like a native. ... 'Ere, move up, George, an' make room for Mr. Asquith. ... Good evening, sir; pleased to see you looking so well. I reckernised you as soon as you got in."

The eminent Wee Free smiled graciously, and, drawing a volume of Horace from his pocket, sat back to commune with antiquity. Not for long, however, was he permitted to read in comfort. Mr. James James, persistent traveller on the Underground, peripatetic philosopher and unofficial interviewer of stray celebrities, saw to that.

"I was just readin' in my paper, sir," he remarked, "abaht this 'ere little dust-up between you an' Mister 'Ogge. My friend, George—'e is ap' to jump at 'asty conclusions is George—thinks that Mister 'Ogge 'as been rather badly treated."

"Indeed!" remarked Mr. Asquith icily, while George—who was only then reading of the Liberal Whip's resignation and had not previously been familiar even with Mr. Hogge's name—tried to stammer a protest.

"Now, George," Mr. James admonished him, "don't you start tryin' to explain yourself or you'll only make matters more worse. What George means to say, sir, is that, seein' as 'ow Mister 'Ogge 'ad acted as Joint Whip for more'n four years, 'e thinks as 'ow you might 'ave appointed 'im Chief Whip, instead of givin' the job to this Mister Vivian Phillipps.

"Of course, I know it ain't your 'abit to go the 'ole 'Ogge, so to speak, in anything—'Wait an' see' is your motto we all knows—but, all the same, I think I agree with George. This Mr. Phillipps used to be your private seketree, I'm told. I suppose 'e's almost like one of yourselves—'elps Margot with 'er spellin' an' all that? ... Sorry, sir, I'm sure; but I didn't mean no offence. We all calls 'er 'Margot'; but, of course, we know she's a lady though she *do* write for the noosepapers. ...

"What I was goin' to say, is that I suppose you like to keep these little jobs in the family, as it were; but Mister 'Ogge, I see, reckons it would be better if the Whips were elected by the Party. George thinks so, too. 'E's in favour of Liberal reunion, same as Mister 'Ogge. ... Now, George, don't you contradikt; you *know* you are. ...

"What I sez is this: seein' that you're at No. 21, Abingdon Street, an' L.-G. is at No. 18, why can't the two of youse meet casual-like some day an' talk things over? Any'ow, sir, some of your followers think you're gettin' into the sere an' yellow an' it's time you gave some of the younger bloods a chance. Now this 'ere job as Lord of Appeal they're talkin' of givin' you would be a nice round off to your career. I'm sure Margot—beg pardin, I mean Mrs. Asquith—wouldn't object to a 'andle to 'er name an'—what, is this your station? Well, good-night, sir, an' think over what George an' me 'as been tellin' you."

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After a prolonged struggle and a heartbreaking search for work he was reduced with his wife and family of five children to a humble tenement in a South London suburb. His comfortable home had gradually dwindled to a few necessary pieces of furniture, and he and his tasted hunger and cold and all the bitterest dregs of the lowest depths of poverty.

As day after day dragged by the situation of this little family became more and more desperate.

At last he was unable to pay the rent, and the inevitable eviction order was made. He did not come to us until it had been carried out, and his few remaining goods and chattels had lain in the street for five days and nights.

A compassionate friend living in another part of London had given his wife and little ones temporary shelter. But he had no money to provide them with food, or with the boots and clothes they needed so badly. There was not a penny coming in from anywhere. As a master-tradesman—though master of nothing but the breath in his body—he was not eligible for the dole, and when he applied to the Guardians he was told that outdoor relief could not be given him as he had no fixed abode.

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ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

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Mr. Harry Bowker, winner of the £1,000 prize in our "Bullets" Competition No. 472, has kindly sent us £10.

All acknowledgments unavoidably omitted this week will appear next week.

HOW TO WIN £1,500

Turn to page 27 and the who's scheme is before you. Send in the best BULLET *in the current competition and the world is before you.*

The new competitor has the same opportunity as the old—merit only counts.

The rules are simple. Study them carefully.

Remember the tests—clearness, aptness and originality.

Read the note on "Big Winners" on page 27, then send us a good BULLET *and the £1,500 may be yours.*

Human Documents

Problems that may be yours are dealt with by our great contributor "Humanist." In every case the name and address of the writer is suppressed, and the letters have been slightly altered so that the authors may not be identified. Ten shillings is awarded to the writer of every letter printed on this page.

One Man Not Enough

"DURING the war I met a man, who now means all the world to me. I went with him for close on two years, and during that time he told me he was married unhappily. In 1918 he returned to Scotland, and promised to come for me in three months' time; but letters ceased and I began to think he had forgotten.

"It was then I met the man I ultimately married. Soon after I became engaged I heard from my previous lover, telling me he still loved me and had been engaged on secret service work in Africa, but I kept my promise and married the other man.

"Since then my first lover has written to me, unknown to my husband, and I know without doubt I love him dearly, but I hate deceiving my husband, who is one of God's good men, and I must think of my baby too. Yet I cannot let the other go completely out of my life; I feel every day that this secret love of mine is worrying me to death."

"Humanist" says: *A decent woman doesn't need to be told her duty. It is to her husband and her child. This "love" of yours is rather nasty, isn't it?*

Stong But Helpless

"I AM as down and out as any man could be. I am 24, single, strong and fit, an ex-service man and an orphan. I came out without a pension, not being disabled. I have been out of work on and off for 18 months. I get a dole of 15s., out of which I have to pay 7s. for a room, leaving me 8s. to feed and clothe myself on. The little I had saved has now all gone, and, try as I will, I cannot get work.

"Hearing that the Guardians were sending men on local schemes, I went to see them, but they told me they could not do anything for me, as I was receiving the dole and not on their books. I do not want charity; I just want to earn a living."

"Humanist" says:—*If I were you I would emigrate. It's men like you the colonies want. Get an assisted passage.*

The Son Who Was Denied

"TWENTY-EIGHT years ago to-day I became the mother of a son born before marriage. The man would have married me, but I would not consent as he was a publican, and said I would have to serve behind the bar. He told me he would never pay one penny towards keeping the child, and, as I wanted to keep it secret as much for my family as for myself, I never asked him to. Most of my relations were unaware of my trouble until some years ago, when the man met my brother-in-law in a market town and asked after the child.

"I married when my son was five years old. I had paid for him up till then, and intended having him with me, but his foster mother, a widow, had grown to love him very much, and as my husband did not earn very much I allowed the boy to remain where he was.

"In 1906 we were moving, and then I arranged for my son to meet us at a certain station and come with us. I had three other children at the time, but he did not come, and from that time no correspondence passed between us.

"Four years ago I found out that he was in the army. I wrote to him and invited him to visit me, which he declined to do, saying that, as I had not cared for him all the years before, he did not wish to see me.

"I had lost another son shortly before that time, and it seems, in my trouble, I said it would have been better had it been him, and he was told of it, and he will always feel bitter against me. My children all say they don't want him whilst he feels like that about me, and he signed himself the unwanted child of a heartless mother."

"Humanist" says:—*You had the chance of giving him a father and a home. Because you did not like the work you would have to do, you denied him. After his fifth year you did not contribute to his support. You are entitled to very little sympathy, I am afraid. Children give what they get—he gave to his foster-mother the love and tenderness that she gave to him.*

Two Discreditable Persons

"A YOUNG lady friend of mine, age 30, of good social standing, married a man nearly 17 years her senior. It was the greatest wish of the wife to have a child of her own, but nothing would induce the husband to consent to this, even though the doctor had said that a child would improve the woman's health.

"As chance would have it, the husband went to another town to look for a post, and while he was away, there came into the woman's life another man, to whom she gave her body and soul, with the result that a little one was on the way. She wrote and told her husband of the occurrence, and he raised no objection, but instead, consented to acknowledge the unborn infant as his own.

"He writes most affectionate letters about his little 'daughter,' whom he has never seen. He has not even troubled to find out the name of its father. The child is now 8 months old.

"What do you think of a husband of this type?"

"Humanist" says: *On the face of it, he seems almost as discreditable a person as the wife. That she should go to another man is perhaps understandable; but that she should be content to accept the help of the man she has wronged, and still write contemptuously of him (or allow her friends) is despicable in her.*

Can You Help?

"I AM an ex-Service man down in the gutter. I have been off work since 1920, through stomach trouble, and I have no pension. Twelve months ago I was in hospital, but they discharged me as bad as ever. I went into the Infirmary, where I was operated on. I am now left with a rupture, and am fit for nothing except very light work. But where am I going to get it?

"All I have coming in is 8s. 6d. No doubt I shall be in the streets before long, like a good many more of our fellows who have fought and bled."

"Humanist" says:—*I am always sorry for a man in ill-health and without means. Can any reader help?*

Write to "Humanist" and tell him your secret trouble—he is the Helper.

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Sports and by ROWLEY

TWO LINCOLN CANDIDATES—A DERBY FANCY—BECKETT TO THE RESCUE

TWO Lincoln horses that are persistently talked of are Psychology and Roman Bachelor. With the latter horse I have already dealt. If the Bachelor and Monarch retain their relative qualities, it is any odds on Monarch beating the other. Whenever they have met, Monarch has finished in front. And it seems to me to be absurd, in talking about Monarch, to suggest that the ill-luck which pursued him was some malign and sinister influence that cannot be explained.

Not Bad Luck.

It wasn't so much bad luck as bad handicapping that cost Monarch his races. He was set impossible tasks. I will give you an instance. In the City and Suburban last year he was asked to beat Paragon at 10 lb. Paragon was about the same horse as Orpheus—a real top sawyer.

Weight and Class.

And here I'd like to say—and I believe you will agree with me—that whilst weight will bring horses together, seven or eight pounds one way or the other will not bring *classes* together. A horse at the top of his form laughs at a few extra pounds, and at Epsom an animal like Paragon can shoulder 9st. with ease. Nine stone is a racing weight, anyhow. It is the weight carried by 2 and 3 year old colts in most of their weight-for-age engagements. They put up record times under it, and the longer the journey the better they seem to go.

A Smashing Performance.

Monarch had no chance of beating Granely, and we know that, whilst he ought to have won the Victoria Cup, he put up a smashing performance to get within a short head of The Yellow Dwarf, to whom he was giving 11 lb. I rather fancy that if The Yellow Dwarf, at his best, was in the Lincoln with 7 st. 9 lb. there would be no question as to what would be favourite. Monarch at 8 st. 6 lb. is Varsy at 6st. 7 lb. I see no reason for changing my opinion that MONARCH will win the Lincolnshire Handicap.

Psychology.

As to Psychology, he is, at his best, a tremendously fast animal, but we know little about him except that he won three races last year in a hack canter. He beat second-raters, it is true, but he beat them pointless. He is a Tracery colt and in very capable hands. To my mind, he represents the unknown quantity in the race.

A Derby Fancy.

Next week I hope to start on my twelve horses to follow during the flat-racing season. They will include St. Louis, Papyrus, Twelve Pointer, Pharos, Royal Alarm, and Wild Mint. I fancy either Papyrus or Twelve Pointer for the Derby, rejecting, rightly or wrongly, Town Guard and Drake for that event. I think we shall find that Twelve Pointer is a smasher.

JUMPERS TO FOLLOW.

Gardenrath.—This is a better animal than certain handicappers appear to imagine, and he may shortly confuse his detractors by winning a race.

Double Bed.—For some reason this horse did not show his true form last time he faced the starter, and his backers on that occasion would be well advised to give him another chance next time he runs.

Dover Patrol.—Mr. Adam Scott usually makes his mark at the close of a jumping season, and information to hand suggests that this horse will be seen in winning form ere long.

Hareesh.—It goes without saying that this horse is a cut above selling-plate form, but if seen out in an event of the sort he should not be missed.

Mainsail.—Since running second to Major Domo at Sandown Park, this horse has done well, and he should pick up a two-mile steeplechase at no distant date.

Harmonious.—Early in the season this horse gave Coulthwaite some trouble, but he is once again rapidly approaching his best, and he must be kept on the right side when his day arrives.

Phantom Willie.—Recently sent to Cholderton to be schooled over fences, this horse has done well since being under the charge of Percy Woodland, and he is likely to make a useful steeplechaser.

SELECTIONS.

[The horses in parentheses after the black letter selection are, in their order, alternative tips if the principal selection is absent.]

NEWBURY (WEDNESDAY).

2.0 Meadowcroft (St. Eloi, Lady Palatine).
2.30 Iriandais (Memento, The Saint IV.).
3.0 North Waltham° (Nane Snugger, Lady Sleipner).
3.30 Gardenrath (Libretto, Gerald L.).
4.0 Atlantic Flight (Dudley, John Peel).
4.30 Holdcroft (Beggar's End, Mainsail).

NEWBURY (THURSDAY).

2.0 King's Carol (Pinwheel, Helmet).
2.30 Warwick (Petty Cury, Clarkia).
3.0 King Solitude (Cavalier, Devonport).
3.30 Dinah Morris° (Double Bed, Mile End).
4.0 Conjuror II. (Martes, Royal Chancellor).
4.30 Golden Gorse (Dutch Toy, Woodford Green).

KEMPTON PARK (FRIDAY).

1.45 Decrolayer (Penseroso, Signet).
2.15 Morning Star (Gem, Iriandais).
2.45 North Waltham (Herod Philip, Rucksie).
3.15 Regent's Park (Chin Chin, Southern Gleam).
3.45 Kendal De Wet (Silken Prince, Loch Allen).
4.15 Wee Hon (Blacking, Flurry).

KEMPTON PARK (SATURDAY).

1.45 Hareeth (Polytart, Warwick).
2.15 Leighlin Bridge (Poor Willy, Milligan).
2.45 Double Up (Brownstown, Cavalier).
3.15 Sprig (Buffoon, The Kiwi II.).
3.45 Ditchley (Golden Victory, Sea Voyage).
4.15 Thames° (Owen, Roundhay).

MANCHESTER (FRIDAY).

1.30 Fethean (Mantico, Winnall).
2.0 Dudley (Blacking, Snake Ash).
2.30 Dover Patrol (Hectic, Pencoed).
3.0 Dog Hater (Acrocephalus, Hymir).
3.30 Cleeves (Zenon, Hairpin II.).
4.0 Phantom Charley (Butterthwaite, Clove Pink).

MANCHESTER (SATURDAY).

1.30 Southern Flight (Ireland Green).
2.0 Meadowcroft (Pavot, Fortune).
2.30 Outlaw (Heathencote, Mantico).
3.0 King David (Double Bed, Harmonius).
3.30 Mitchells (Radnor, Wild Times).
4.0 Lady Wavelet (Mount Prospect, Fabulum).

ROWLEY MILE STONES.

According to a celebrated Newmarket trainer, one of the Lincolnshire horses has a stone in hand.

* * *

You shall know which it is *if it wins!*

* * *

What's wrong with Southampton? He has been entered for nothing lately.

* * *

Soldennis has won over a mile, but Irish friends tell me he beat only unfit horses.

* * *

Back Americus Boy the first time he runs at Epsom. He was the fastest two-year-old in training, but can only just get five furlongs, and that on an easy course.

BOXING POINTS.

JACK DEMPSEY, has been in a very despondent frame of mind. The poor fellow could not get a match anywhere and was seriously thinking of taking up theatrical work to keep the wolf from the door. Harry Wills, the negro, is far too dangerous a proposition for the champion to tackle at the moment, even if permission was given for the match to take place. What a relief it must be for Jack to learn that Tom O'Rourke is to sail to the rescue with Joe Beckett and a relief ticket of a paltry £50,000 or thereabouts.

Has Jimmy Wilde Retired?

Evidently the offer of a purse of €20,000 for a match between Jimmy Wilde and Pancho Villa, the American champion, has failed to attract the little Welshman, who has not appeared as principal in a contest since his disastrous meeting with Pete Herman. It is time Jimmy made public his retirement as there are many good men in the country to-day who could successfully take his place, Frankie Kestrell for instance.

Todd Surpasses Lewis.

The wonderful display of Todd against Lewis was a revelation. From the first round to the last the London-cum-Doncaster man excelled and gave the Aldgate boxer a puzzling and surprising lesson of the noble art. The pity is that Lewis did not show more of the sporting spirit throughout the contest!

Making the Public Fed-up.

Much annoyance has been caused in sporting circles by the second postponement of Beckett's match with Smith. It is said that the champion's injured hand may not be right for some weeks. Smith cannot really be blamed for claiming forfeit. Beckett should realise that, apart from the financial loss which such postponements mean to the promoters, the sporting public are getting fed-up!

A Great Book of Reference.

I have sent the *Sporting Life Book of Boxing Records* to my bookseller to have a leather binding put on. It is an indispensable work of reference that should be in every sportsman's library and on every sporting writer's desk. At 1s. 6d. it is the cheapest thing in the market. It is the "Book of Form" of the boxing world. Any man who is interested in boxing and hasn't a copy of this book is not even half equipped.

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MR. R. J. DUGGAN, of 38, Dame-st., Dublin, announces that the Grand National Sweep in aid of the Holles-street Cancer Hospital (tickets 10/-) has been organised solely by him, and that Mr. Douglas Stuart has no connection with same. Mr. Duggan furthermore wishes to point out that not only is this Sweep sanctioned by the Irish Government, but his is the ONLY SWEEP FOR WHICH THE RIGHT HON. THE LORD MAYOR OF DUBLIN HOLDS the PRIZE MONEY, AND WILL PERSONALLY SUPERVISE THE DRAW AT THE MANSION HOUSE.

Sportsmen MILE

ABOUT THE CUP TIES—BIG GAMES—PLAYERS WHO MATTER—JOHN BULL'S FOOTBALLERS

THIS week-end we reach the third round of the Cup, and the 16 clubs left in are about as comprehensive a lot as anyone could expect at this stage, since of the survivors seven come from the first division, six from the second, and three from the third. What is more, the draw ensures the continued representation of the minor divisions, who are bound to have four teams in the last eight, and if Charlton Athletic can manage to beat West Bromwich Albion—and why shouldn't they?—it will be five.

Liverpool and the Double.

Liverpool are out for the double, which has not been landed since 1897, when Aston Villa won both the League Championship and the Cup. Obviously, this takes some doing, but Liverpool are capable of it. They have been *the* team since the war, partly because of extraordinary consistency, and partly because their best eleven has been available nine weeks in ten. It is still long odds against Liverpool landing the double, but I must say they deserve it.

Saved.

It might be exaggeration to say that, had not Charlton Athletic so heroically come through the first round of the Cup at Manchester, the club might have had to be wound up, but at the time the financial resources were strained—to say the least of it. It is astonishing what a goal or two means, and if Charlton reach the fourth round, the directors will feel like moving their headquarters to Park Lane, W. Now the crisis is over I can appropriately pay a tribute to the loyalty of the players right through it. Few clubs can boast of such a cheery and happy lot of footballers, and half of football London is going to cheer them on this week.

The Other Side.

That's one side of professional football; now for the other. I hear on absolutely unimpeachable authority that some of the shareholders of a distinguished club that was knocked out in the second round took the defeat so badly that the next day they were hawking their shares round the town! And at the following home match the crowd was about a third the size it should have been. This club has some capable players, a shrewd body of directors, and one of the best managers in the game, and it is easy to imagine what the lot of them think about it. They have my sympathy.

Trials.

International trial games, as at present constituted, are a farce, and one of these days the F.A. will recognise it. I am writing this before the Leeds match this week, but whatever has happened there, it will not tell the Selection Committee anything they do not know. I may be wrong, but some of the players in the first trial gave me the impression that they were not too busy. International representation is popularly supposed to be the ambition of every footballer, but if there was any general endeavour at the Millwall ground, it escaped me. Perhaps the players could not forget there was no bonus for the winning team!

Best for 20 Years.

At the beginning of the present century, Bury won the Cup twice in four years, and the Gigg Lane crowd are taking 10 to 1 their team does it again this season. Whether or not this happens, Bury have got the best side since they went mad in the Final of '03, and put half-a-dozen goals across Derby County. For this Billy Cameron, the old "Trotter," is responsible. With not much cash to throw about, he has built up a well-balanced side, who are afraid of nothing. In Callagher, Bury have a centre-half who is going to travel far. Built on similar lines to Gilhooley, of Sunderland, he forcibly reminds me of the Scot. He is a terrible tackler, and when his passing is improved he will be a great pivot.

Real Raw Material.

Early in the season I saw a young centre-forward in whom I recognised the real raw material. This was Binks, of the Wednesday. Since then I have missed the team, but a friend associated with the famous Sheffield club informs me that Binks has made good. He was spotted as a promising leader when with Bishop Auckland. Like others, he found the hurly-burly of second division football something opposite to the amateur stuff, but, being an adaptable lad, Binks changed his methods accordingly, and the Wednesday now regard him as the best centre-forward they have had since Andrew Wilson migrated. Binks is not a weighty fellow, but he's a real thruster in the goal area.

The Two Taylors.

Unless I am very much mistaken, there will be a Taylor on each side when England and Scotland come together in April. Why Sam Hardy no longer keeps goal for England, nobody knows—ask the pros. what they think about it—but as Sam is regarded as passé, Taylor, of Huddersfield, seems by general accord to be the man to hold the English fort. Huddersfield made no bloomer when they got him from Oldham Athletic, who are possibly now rather annoyed over the transfer. Scotland's Taylor is, of course, David, of Burnley. One of the greatest full-backs the English League has known, Taylor is over-ripe for international honours, but the Scottish F.A. is at last seriously thinking about him. Taylor is the most perfectly built footballer I know, and fast enough to give the average winger five yards in fifty. In fact, he would give Black Gown a race.

A Rough House.

There is going to be a rough house in Dublin this week-end when Ireland and Scotland have a Rugby engagement. The Scots consider themselves booked for the International championship when they've finished with Erin, as it is said England's Anno Domini team will get bumped good and proper when they go to Inverleith, especially if it happens to be snowing. Still, the Irish boys ought to put up a good scrap against the Scots. They looked a crude lot at Leicester, against England's ready-made team, but they are full-blooded, and, anyway, gave our fellows a lesson in tackling. An early try would mean a lot to the Irish imagination, and I'm not sure Scotland will have many points to spare.

Welsh Shortage of Backs.

Simultaneously, Wales take on France at Swansea, and the Welshmen threaten to go in for Soccer entirely if they can't win this game. Wales is absolutely poverty-stricken in backs in these days.

FORECASTS FOR FEBRUARY 24.

(Nap selections in black type.)

Cup Ties.

Huddersfield, Liverpool, Derby C., Bury, West Ham (Home), West Bromwich (Away).
Draws: Cardiff v. Spurs, Q. P. Rangers v. S. Shields.

Leagues.

Home: Arsenal, Manchester C., Sunderland, Blackpool, Bradford, Palace, Fulham, Hull, Brentford, Grimsby, Hartlepools, Lincoln, Nelson, Crewe.
Away: Aston V., Bristol C., Bradford, Chesterfield, Rangers.
Draws: Everton v. Middlesbro, Merthyr v. Portsmouth, Newport v. Northampton, Norwich v. Swansea, Reading v. Luton, Southend v. Millwall, Watford v. Swindon, Wrexham v. Halifax, Barrow v. Accrington, Albion v. Ayr, Hearts v. Airdrieonians.

Suggested Coups.

3 Draws: Cardiff v. Spurs, Everton v. Middlesbrough, Southend v. Millwall.
2 Away: Aston V., Bristol C., Rangers.
8 Home: Huddersfield, Arsenal, Sunderland, Blackpool, Fulham, Brentford, Nelson, Crewe.
3 Home, 2 Away: Blackpool, Fulham, Nelson, Bristol C., Rangers.
1 Home, 1 Away, 1 Draw: Fulham, Rangers, Southend v. Millwall.

CHARLTON'S CHAMPION.

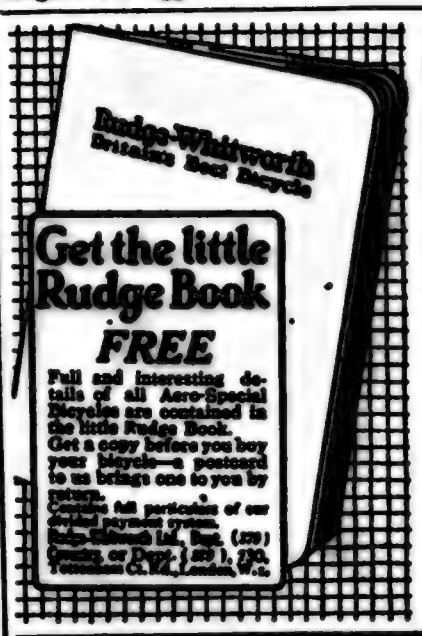
THE most popular footballer in the South at the moment is Arthur Whalley. Regarding Charlton Athletic's Cup advance, Whalley might say "Alone I did it," but it would be dangerous to suggest this to him.

Whalley deserves all his present luck, as not many of the plums of the game have gravitated his way. Blackpool, who discovered him, took a nice transfer fee when they sold him to Manchester United; then Whalley left Old Trafford for Southend without a benefit or even a chance of the transfer fee he asked for.

A. Whalley

Charlie Roberts at first left Whalley out of the first team at Old Trafford, but he was firmly established as a pivot in 1914, when he figured in a trial. Then came the war, and a wound in the arm, and when he returned to play on the wing the effects of a German bullet prevented him from an effective throw-in.

Still, the middle position is Arthur's proper place. He has the height and weight, wonderful ball-control, and a genius for turning defence into attack in one movement. No player has more confidence in his own judgment and ability.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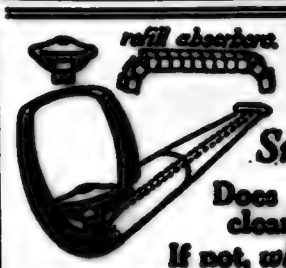

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Dr. Blosser's Remedy is composed of medicinal herbs, flowers and berries which you smoke in a dainty pipe or cigarette. The smoke-vapour is inhaled into the air passages of the head, nose, throat, and lungs, and carries medicine where sprays, douches and salves cannot possibly reach. Its effect is soothing and healing and is entirely harmless. It contains no cubebs or tobacco, and may be used by women and children as well as men.

If you suffer from catarrh, asthma, catarrhal deafness, or if subject to frequent colds, you should try Dr. Blosser's Remedy, which may be had at any chemist shop; or if you desire proof of its beneficial and pleasant effect send for a free trial package to Dr. Blosser, Ltd. (Dept. 121 B.D.), Temple Chambers, Temple Avenue, London, E.C. 4. The new 1s. 6d. size packet containing 20 cigarettes, is on sale at Boots, Taylor's, and nearly all other chemists' shops.

WHAT EVERY WOMAN FEARS.

A Penalty of Her Sex.

All women realise that they can scarcely expect to escape, from time to time, suffering which men are not called upon to endure. But not all women know what is really behind all these miseries is something wrong with the blood.

Most often, especially when a girl is entering womanhood, the one cause of pain, low spirits, backaches, and slow development, is anæmia. In full womanhood, other miseries come to some, due again to the scarcity of good blood; and at middle age the penalty which has to be paid is the punishment which Nature exacts for neglecting the blood.

Every woman, at the first sign of ill-health, should obtain Dr. Williams' pink pills, for these pills are famous for the way they have saved women from suffering. Dr. Williams' pink pills make new rich blood, restore full womanly health, and transform anæmic girls into robust, happy women.

Of special interest is the booklet, "Nature's Warnings"; sent free to all who write to N.W. Dept., 36, Fitzroy Square, London, W. 1.

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Our Letter Parliament

Where all Our Readers Air their Views

The Banned Children.

It grieves me and hundreds of others to see kiddies hanging around the doorways of public-houses waiting for their parents who are inside. Also, one sees women, with babies in arms, standing in the doorways drinking, often looking perished with cold, all because the children are kept out. Men and women who want a glass of beer will have it. Is it not about time that some of the "old ladies'" restrictions on pubs. were done away with? It is worse for little ones to see their parents drinking outside than inside.—*S. H. Liddle*, 132, *Haig Road, Plaistow.*

Stranded Chorus Girls.

When is the "Registration Of Theatrical Employers" Act which has been hanging fire now for some years to be put through Parliament, in order to give the "Pro." some sort of sure protection as regards salary? Many actors rehearse one or two weeks for nothing, then very often after having produced and played for a week the show fails. This means that many male artists are left stranded miles from their home towns, some with wives and children whom they are forced to travel. The female artists, especially the chorus portion, are thrown on to the streets. —*T. E. C.*, 30, *Monnow Road, London, S.E.* 1.

Is it Hypocrisy?

I attended a Brotherhood Meeting on a Sunday afternoon recently at which a distinguished English gentleman delivered a brilliant and inspiring address on a subject of religious and ethical importance. He made a profound impression on some 1,800 hearers by his earnestness and apparent sincerity. I sat back in my seat in amazement, reflecting that while he was speaking, a Sunday newspaper of which he is the proprietor was being read in some hundreds of thousands of homes! This paper, to my mind, is the most sordid Sunday "rag" published in this country! I cannot reconcile these things. Can you?—"*Puzzled.*"

Money-lending Leeches.

Surely the time has arrived to rid our country of those vile leeches who are openly bleeding the poorer people in our midst. I refer to the unregistered moneylender—despicable curs who are very active these days. Especially in Scotland do the blood-suckers seem to flourish. A recent case in Aberdeen (of all places) revealed one of these extortioners coolly demanding 6,200 per cent. on the loan of a few pounds. The authorities must deal drastically with these pests.—"*Chasm*," *Dumfries.*

Sluggish Patriotism.

We notice on the advertisements, letter-headings, etc., of many firms the badge for "National Scheme for Disabled Men." No doubt in many cases these badges get trade. I know of one firm myself that has not one disabled man in the whole works. It did have the percentage when the badge came into existence, but these have gradually been weeded out. Yet they still keep the badge on their letter-heading. In my opinion there should be some representative in each town appointed to see that firms using the badge are fulfilling the conditions. If they are not fulfilling their promise have them struck off the Roll and notice to this effect published in the local paper.—*Silver Badge.*

Brief to the point letters not exceeding 100 words are invited; 5s. is paid for each letter published. Name and address essential, not necessarily for publication.

How the Treasury Pays.

Presiding officers, clerks and attendants who assisted at the General Election on November 15th, 1922, are still awaiting payment of their fees. So far as I can learn it is more than a month since all such accounts were audited. How would the Treasury officials, assuming they were mercantile clerks earning about 30s. per week, like to be kept waiting three months for a payment of 25s. for 12 hours' strenuous work? In fact it is even suggested that it may be March before these fees are paid. The Department ought to be ashamed of itself.—"*Election Worker*," *Campbeltown, Argyll.*

British v. Foreign Tiles.

In his letter "L.C.C.'s Foreign Tiles," Mr. Percival Foddering criticises the L.C.C.'s action in using foreign roofing tiles inferior to British. This is not so. All British tiles are made of ferrous clay, which is inferior to the non-ferrous variety produced mainly in France. As a Britisher, I regret that this is so, but the fact remains. Besides, the cheaper building costs can be made the more houses will be erected, and consequently the more employment there will be for bricklayers, carpenters and other artisans.—*E. I. Hill*, 29, *Ludgate Hill, E.C.* 4.

France's Little Debt.

Now that Mr. Baldwin has pledged us to pay an annual tribute of £1 per head to America in respect of our War Debt to her, surely it is time that our Government awoke from its beneficent lethargy and spoke plainly to France. In her great need we lent freely—our only security, her national honesty and thrift. It seems now to be suggested that repayment of this loan is conditional upon her first collecting the money that Germany owes her. This is a suggestion which we *cannot afford* to accept. France is not so poor a country but that she can maintain 130,000 troops in the Ruhr adventure.—"*Solus*," *Grassendale, Liverpool.*

What's Your Trouble?

We don't mean your little private petty worry. We mean, what is it you would most like to see reformed? We make a practice of concerning ourselves with the social welfare of the people.

Don't dabble in politics in your letters. Use your vote instead. Tell us something you know something about!

Where the Rainbow Ends.

When will people realise that they are paying double the price of decent beer for stuff which is little more than soapy water? They kick up the dickens of a dust if they are asked to pay an extra halfpenny on a 'bus fare, yet they scramble over one another to get rid of their money at closing time for a drink of pale-yellow tinted liquid. What with sky-blue milk and amber stout, I reckon this is where the rainbow ends.—*Annie Dix*, 232, *St. James Road, Bermondsey.*

When It Pays Not to Work.

I wanted a man to come and do jobs outside the house four mornings a week and was offering 15s.—fair pay considering hours. At the local Labour Exchange I met a man who was out of work who said he would like to come but could not, because he was drawing 25s. a week for being out of work and to take a job on at 15s. would mean losing 10s. a week. Why can't he take the 15s. a week and the State pay the balance? Some such arrangement would reduce the vast sums paid out in doles and give the local officials something to do.—*Tarpayer.*

Keep Our Food Clean.

It should be made compulsory by law for wholesalers and retailers to provide adequate coverings and protection for meat, bread, milk and other foods at all stages between production and delivery to the householder. What is the use of all our hygienic regulations if the main sources of infection are allowed unbridled scope?—*J. H., Charlton, S.E.* 7.

When Rents are Decontrolled.

It appears that the decontrolling of rents is to become a reality in 1923. The Government in taking such a step is asking for trouble in the country. The student of economics knows that the price of every commodity from beer to houses is the outcome of the joint forces of demand and supply. We all know how intense is the present need of houses and how small, relatively, the supply is. Rents will soar under a system of decontrol to awful heights. How will our unemployed who receive doles of 15s. weekly face these charges? Decontrol will surely recruit an army of malcontents throughout the land—*Mark Hill, Dundee.*

Stirring up Strife in the East.

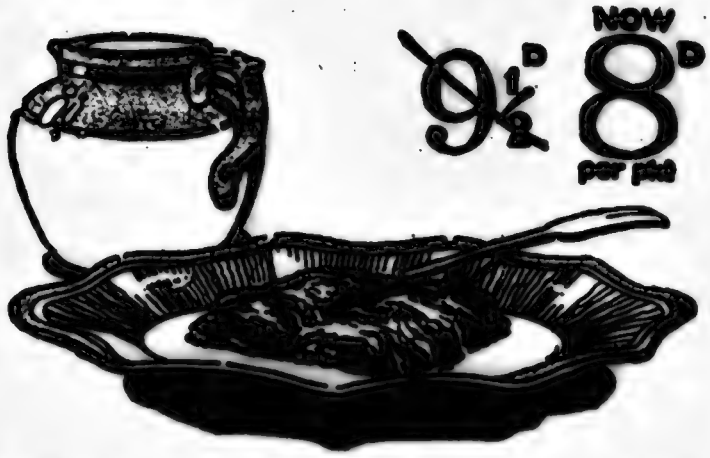
When will the British Government realise that they are the people to blame, for outrages on Europeans in the East will continue until the Government exercise a rigid censorship on all films to be shown to natives? I know from personal experience that the tendency of most moving pictures is to lower the prestige of the European in the impressionable mind of the native! Pictures in which white women figure in a questionable light must be banned at all costs!—*Leoman, Brighton.*

Unwelcome Health Visitors.

Why is it that working-class mothers have to submit to the objectionable visits of Council nurses? In many cases these nurses are young, single women, yet we mothers have to hear their criticism and dictation which in many ways is sheer stupidity. If we must have Health Visitors, then in the name of common sense let them be elderly persons. Women who have themselves been mothers would be made welcome, especially if they are widows and have no other means of livelihood.—*Mrs. E. M. Webb, Beckley, Christchurch, Hants.*

Worse than the Dole!

People who shout "Back to the land," must imagine that the agricultural labourer eats earth and thrives on it. I know of men with wives and families of five and six children, all of school age, who have to exist on 23s. or 30s. a week. It's time the Government went back to the land—with a scheme for assisting these underpaid slaves.—*G. E., West Lynn, Norfolk.*



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DORA (Nottingham).—"I hope you'll like the enclosed Valentine." For this, and 748 others, much thanks!

J. G. H. (Uxbridge).—"Our forefathers never did all these things." And where are they all now?

EXPERIMENTER (Newark).—"Will the speeches in the House of Commons ever be broadcasted?" Heaven forbid!

J. C. (Camburnethan).—"I enclose two verses and the chorus." This sort of thing is becoming chronic.

KUSS (London, S.E.).—"My faith in dear old Bonar Law is inflexible." In other words, it will never stretch?

BEST MAN (Accrington).—"Is the best man supposed to kiss the bride?" Depends entirely upon the bridegroom.

DISTRESSED (Galashiels).—"How can I remove superfluous adipose tissue?" The best way to get rid of fat is to fast.

FRANK (Selsey).—"In the winter the seaside is at its best." And in the summer nothing beats a good coke fire.

WOEFUL (CREWE).—"My love affair went away last Friday." A graphic description, but one he would not like.

NOVICE (Oldham).—"Isn't it capital for me to have won a *Bullets* prize with my first attempt?" It will be more capital if you win the £1,500 with your second.

EX-TOMMY (Huddersfield).—"Are we likely to have war with Turkey?" In the words of Bonar Law's statesmanlike utterance: "If it is inevitable, it will come."

WELDER (Wolverhampton).—"If piece work was allowed by the unions, this would be a prosperous country." They dare not allow that; it would bring the good men to the top.

FATHER (Sevenoaks).—"If there were no workhouses, there would be no poor." Don't be silly. You might as well say that if there were no trousers there would be no legs.

JOHN BULLER (Exeter).—"How lovely is the lovely spring when lovely birds so gaily sing!" It is easy to see that everything in your garden is lovely. Give up poetry and take to drink.

YOUNG WIFE (Dalston).—"Freemasonry seems to involve attendance at an extraordinary number of functions." This discovery has been made by every mason's wife since the days of Solomon.

HEUREKA (Croydon).—"Why should you do gratuitously, and at the risk of life, what police officials get fat salaries for doing inefficiently?" It is that very inefficiency which makes our work doubly necessary.

LUX (Walthamstow).—"I want to get an introduction to a hangman." You queer devil!

TRAVELLER (Aberdeen).—"I have just returned from Germany." Congratulations!

BERT (Yarmouth).—"What is the highest rank, a naval Captain or an army Lieut.-Colonel?" A naval Captain.

F. S. (Lancaster).—"How can I cure knock-knees?" Try the Coué method—but mind you don't get bandy-legged.

BENJ. (Derby).—"I believe in marrying for money whenever you can." Not more than once a week, surely?

ANGELA (Kilkenny).—"Is Europe going to the dogs?" Not quite, but for goodness sake keep the Kilkenny cats out of it.

JESTER (Ludlow).—"I can keep people in roars of laughter." We haven't seen you, but we'll take your word.

ANGLO-INDIAN (Notting Hill).—"All conversation should be barred at breakfast-time." You've evidently got a liver.

YOURS FAITHFULLY (London, N.W.).—"Has George Robey ever been knighted?" No, but he has been C.B.E.'ted.

H. (Ware).—"Sunday games are the curse of the age." The real curse of the age is pharisaical, narrow-minded, thick-headed bigotry.

LUCKY JIM (Tamworth).—"If I find anything of value, am I entitled to keep it?" No; you can be prosecuted for "stealing by finding."

J. BRIGHT (Glasgow).—"Is it a fact that surnames originated through a man's characteristics?" It is. Yours is an old family, though.

T. C. F. (Kidderminster).—"What would you call a native of Smyrna?" A Smyrniot. We should probably call him other things as well.

M. F. W. (Doncaster).—"How can one tell if one is really dead?" The temperature would probably remove all doubt in most cases.

PANGRAMMATIST (Fulham).—"Do you know a sentence containing all the letters of the alphabet?" Heaps. The one we like best is "Pack my box with five dozen liquor jugs."

EURASIAN (Berwick-on-Tweed).—"Whoever called this climate temperate was a poor judge." On the contrary, ten million tons of water in London during one month indicates an almost painful sobriety.

LETTERS must be addressed to the Editor. No fee is charged in respect of inquiries. Full name and address should be given—not necessarily for publication.

G. D. (Mitcham).—"What can be more annoying than backbiting?" Earbiting.

SCOTTIE (EUSTON). — "Stands Scotland where it did?" Yes, just the same old place.

HARD LUCK (Tenby).—"I ought to be making ten thousand a year." Few of us do everything we ought.

IN THE KNOW (Rye Lane).—"I have the winner of the Lincoln up my sleeve." Save money, and let it stay there.

BESS (Wigan).—"What part of the country do you think produces the cleverest men?" Our native town.

SMALL TRADESMAN (Brixton).—"My bank manager has a suspicious nature." If you ever find one who hasn't, let us know.

ERNEST F. (Merstham).—"The weather is much too mild to be healthy." You're the sort of chap who'd grouse in paradise.

FREDDIE D. (Maida Vale).—"Do you think jumpers would become husbands?" Those who wear them often become wives.

M. B. E. (Perivale).—"I don't like oysters; they are treacherous things." We disagree; our tame oyster is a most faithful pet.

A. M. C. (Coventry).—"My greatest drawback is that my name is Archibald. Don't you agree?" Certainly not. What's in a name?

D. W. T. (Wimbledon).—"Let us hope the time will come when motion pictures will be shown with all lights on." Weren't you ever young?

R. V. W. (Sidmouth).—"The lower classes are being educated out of their station." What do your initials stand for—Rip Van Winkle?

RUMOUR (West Ham).—"I wonder whether all these things one hears are true." It's wonderful what some folks will wonder at.

H. B. (Barking).—"The ozonised air in the vicinity of mud-flats is exhilarating in the extreme." It doesn't exhilarate our extreme.

C. G. P. (Poole).—"Last Sunday I saw primroses in bloom." Primroses we don't mind, but the first man who tells us he heard the cuckoo is for it.

ORPHEUS (Manningtree).—"It is a pity that instruments like the lyre and the lute are practically extinct." Yes; and we haven't seen a jew's harp for years, either.

DOUBTING TOM (Camberwell).—"I find it hard to believe, as stated, that publicans are poor men." It wasn't stated in JOHN BULL, so you needn't believe it.

EXPERIMENTAL (Lincoln).—"I distinctly heard a concert in San Francisco at 9.30 the other evening." And we distinctly tell you that you're a story-teller.

A. M. T. (Poole).—"Could you tell me the winner of the Lincolnshire?" Yes.

PROUD PARENT (Grantham). — "What is home without a baby?" Peace, perfect peace, very often.

LOW CHURCH (Highgate).—"Are most parsons short sighted?" No, but many of them are very long-winded.

OLD SPORT (Southsea).—"Can you give me a tip for the Boat Race?" Oxford each way.

HERMIT (Wendover).—"My panacea for all ills is solitude." They agree with you at Dartmoor.

CONUNDRUM (Halesowen). — "Why did the sprat bloater the crab?" There's something fishy about this.

PESSIMIST (Plaistow).—"My husband is a very trying person." Not trying to get away from you, we hope.

MERCUTIO (Aylesbury).—"Borrowing money is a very bad habit." Owing it is even worse.

BOLSHIE (Canning Town).—"Communism is gaining ground with a rush." Oh, go to—Russia.

J. H. (Childe Okeford).—"My mate says your letter bag is all a make up." Well, you know what *he* is!

JELLYFISH (Sunderland). — "This time of year is very trying." About a month hence it is still more trying.

CAROLINE (Wimbledon).—"Women will eventually drive men out of all public positions." Hooray!

SUBURBIA (Tottenham).—"How long does love last?" How should we know? Send the lady's photograph.

TOMMY ATKINS (Chatham).—"The way to get fit is to be a soldier." And to get fat, be a quartermaster-sergeant.

COUNTRY COUSIN (Yelverton).—"I think the London policemen are just too sweet." We haven't cuddled a policeman for years.

INTERESTED (Carshalton).—"What is a water diviner?" The man who says: "That's enough, miss; don't drown it!"

FICKLE (Barnsbury). — "Do you think it unlucky to use the same engagement ring twice?" From what you tell us, it will be very unlucky for the next wearer.

OLD READER (Lowestoft).—"I have never yet found JOHN BULL wrong in anything." If we can help it, you never will.

COPPER KNOB (Derby).—"I have nothing very important to write about." Honest girl! Other people pretend that they have.

WOMEN'S RIGHTS (Letchworth). — "Do you think women will ever make efficient sailors?" Why not? They love sails.

SENSITIVE (Blackfriars). — "I get very annoyed when people take me for 37; I am really only 55." Then you're old enough to know better.

PAN (Woolwich).—"What was in the legendary Pandora's Box?" All the ills of human life. We should say it must have been more like a pantechnicon.

CO-OPTIMIST (Liverpool). — "My sweetheart and I often put our heads together." That is what lovers' heads are for. Unfortunately, sometimes they're not much good for anything else.

NOMENCLATURE (Arbroath).—"There is considerable room for improvement in the naming of racehorses." Rather! Have you ever heard the bookies try to pronounce names like "Gnocchi"?

(Continued on page 25.)

A 2/6 Ever-pointed Pencil FREE!

With every new model "John Bull" 5/- Lever Self-filling Pen, we are giving free, for a limited time, a beautifully silvered 2/6 Ever-pointed Pencil, complete with clip, rubber and refills.

The Pen itself is a triumph of workmanship; contains up-to-the-minute improvements; a 14 ct. solid gold nib, and is a marvel in value. Pen and pencil combined make a wonderful bargain. Send to-day! Money refunded if not delighted.

Send P.O. for 5s. 2d. (which includes postage) and cross "& Co." and make payable to JOHN BULL. State if fine, medium or broad nib desired. Address:

"John Bull" Pen Dept., Long Acre, London, W.C. 2.

Suits with a 2 Years Guarantee

£6:6:0 PURE ALL-WOOL WEST OF ENGLAND TWEED SUIT TO MEASURE for £3:10:0

THIS OFFER IS FOR 14 DAYS ONLY

FOR **70/-** we will make you a pure West of England Tweed Suit to your measures provided order is sent us within 14 days.

Whilst Yorkshire and Scotland produce both cheap and better class goods, the West of England is world-famous for only the very highest class of textile productions.

Never, since 1914, have West of England Suits to Measure been sold at this price. There is a "feel," a "finish," and an appearance about West of England cloths that distinguish them from all other classes of Textiles.

Order one of these Suits and you will never wear any other make of Cloth.

We are also offering a **PURE ALL-WOOL INDIGO DYE SOLID WORSTED SERGE SUIT** to measure at **£3 10s.**

.....UNQUALIFIED 2 YEARS' GUARANTEE.....

Wear guaranteed and warranted to withstand Sun, Sea and Air for 2 years, failing which we will replace any garment FREE OF CHARGE. No such guarantee has ever been given before by any firm, even for Suits costing 10 to 12 guineas.

If unable to call at our branches to see these unique cloths, write to our Head Office and we will send you free of charge the cloth patterns, together with fashion book and self-measure form, by means of which you can be measured at home under our guarantee of a perfect fit or money refunded.

Your Old Suit Steamed and Pressed Free of Charge

Some people hesitate to take advantage of the self-measure mail-order tailoring because they think it is impossible to obtain a perfect fit. Our new method will appeal to you.

You can send us an old Suit. We will copy it exactly, and we will return the old Suit **STEAMED AND PRESSED UP FREE OF CHARGE.**

It must be understood that this is an inducement to try our mail-order system, and does not apply to customers personally ordering at our branches.

For free patterns, self-measure form, etc., fill in the coupon below or write a letter or post card to—

CURZON BROS. Ltd.

THE WORLD'S MEASURE TAILORS

(Dept. J.B.), 70 & 72, CITY ROAD, LONDON, E.C. 1

Head Office Depot: 70 and 72, City Road, London, E.C.
West End: *107, Strand, W.C. 158, Strand, W.C. 112, New Oxford Street, W.C. 28 & 29, Chancery Lane, W.C. 58, Southampton Row, W.C. *13, Old Compton Street, W.
City: *34, Liverpool Street, E.C. 101, Finsbury Pavement, E.C. 16, Ludgate Hill E.C. 16, The Arcade, Liverpool Street Station (Met.), E.C. 76 Aldersgate Street, E.C. 115, Fleet Street, E.C.
Deptford: *Chesham House, Broadway.
Westwich: *58, Powis St. & *43, Hare St.
Forest Gate: *99, Woodgrange Road.
Shoreditch: *185 and 187, Old Street, E.C.
Euston: *13, Hampstead Road.
Poplar: *263, East India Dock Road.
Finchley: *13, King's Parade, Church End
Kingston-on-Thames: *27, Market Place.
Richmond and Twickenham: *254, Richmond Road (near Richmond Bridge).
Sutton (Surrey): *109, High Street.
Grays (Essex): *72-73, High Street.
Southend-on-Sea: *58, High Street.
Westcliff-on-Sea: *Hamlet Court Road.
Those starred (*) are open until 8 p.m. or 9 p.m. on Saturdays. The others close early on Saturdays, but are open until late other days.

All the World knows It's Curzon's for Clothes

Fill in this Coupon for FREE PATTERNS.

To CURZON BROS., LTD.,
The World's Measure Tailors,
70 & 72, City Rd., London, E.C. 1

Please send me free of charge the suiting patterns with measure-form and fashion book as advertised in JOHN BULL.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

SUCCESSFUL MARRIAGE

The bedrock of human happiness and the foundation of civilisation is so obviously dependent upon healthy and wise marriage that it is surely a form of madness to allow men and women to approach it in the spirit of ignorance and unpreparedness which has been usual during the last few generations.

Many attempts to open up the way for frank inquiry into the intricacies of married life have been opposed, with the result that people have been blundering on with eyes blindfolded. We now live in a different age, and the cry "give us light" is being raised by those troubled by Marital Problems and Perplexities.

The two new books by G. Courtenay Beale, M.A. (Oxon.); Ph.D.

WISE WEDLOCK

(THE STANDARD VOLUME ON BIRTH CONTROL) and

THE REALITIES OF MARRIAGE

(A COMPLETE ANSWER TO MARITAL PROBLEMS),

6/9 each, post free.

cover the complete field, and will solve every difficulty likely to worry husbands and wives. No one who already is, or who contemplates being married can afford to be without them.

SPECIAL OFFER :: :: Both volumes, 12/6

Send now cheque or P.O., and the books will reach you by return post.

HEALTH PROMOTION LTD. (Dept. 126), 19-21, LUDGATE HILL, E.C. 4.

NEWS OF THE WORLD

OVER AND OVER AND OVER AGAIN

J. C. STERNDALE-BENNETT SUCCESS,

WORDS AND MUSIC

Appear in

FEB. 25TH ISSUE

YOUR GARDEN

Get this Free Guide:

Write to-day for our 164-page beautifully illustrated FREE "GUIDE TO GARDEN WISDOM AND GUARANTEED GARDEN SEEDS"; and make that Garden of yours as profitable and as lovely as the one you have so often admired. EVERY packet of Seeds ordered thence MUST GROW for you, too, or you will get it REPLACED FREELY. Send for the Free Guide to-day, addressing us personally:

TOOGOOD and SONS, LTD.,

Seedsmen to H.M. The King, and Growers of "Better Crops" Seeds only.

SOUTHAMPTON.

VENEREAL DISEASES.

WHAT TO DO IF ONE HAS "TAKEN A RISK."

Venereal Diseases are due to germs. Those who have "taken a risk" should immediately wash away the germs with soap while still on the surface. If this is done *within a few minutes* the risk is diminished.

Immediate self-cleansing, though useful, is *not an absolute safeguard* and is practically useless for women. The only real safety lies in chastity. If a risk has been taken, disease may result in spite of cleansing. The best chance of cure, then, is to get a doctor to watch for the earliest signs of disease and start treatment as soon as they appear.

Full information can be obtained free and in strict confidence from the National Council for Combating Venereal Diseases 71a, Avenue Chambers, Vernon Place,, Southampton Row, London, W.C. 1.

Let JOHN BULL write your Want-Ad. FREE.

You may ask "What, exactly, is a Want-Ad.?" A Want-Ad. is a means of communicating with a large number at low cost. In JOHN BULL a Want Ad. offers you a wonderful opportunity of delivering your message to every class of the community—buyers of everything, necessities and luxuries. If you are not sure as to the best means of arraying the facts about your proposition, merely send particulars, and we will construct an interesting and convincing JOHN BULL Want-Ad. advertisement. For proof of the pulling power of JOHN BULL Want-Ads. or in sending an Ad. address The Advertisement Manager, JOHN BULL, 57-59, Long Acre, W.C.2

Terrible Scald

Swollen and Painful, But Soon Cured by Germolene.

Mrs. Pond, 5, Balfour Road, Lower Edmonton, London, N.9, says:—"Germolene cured me of a terrible scald. A kettle of boiling water upset on my right leg, and from the knee down it swelled and the pain was agonising. I used Germolene freely, and immediately the pain was soothed and steadily it healed. Now the leg is as sound as ever, though people said I would never use it again."

FOUR GOLD MEDALS AWARDED.

Prices 1s. 3d. and 3s. Of all Chemists.

Germolene

DON'T MERELY WISH FOR MONEY—

POCKET IT!

MONEY is the motive power of life. You want it and you need it.

YOU cannot do without it. Perhaps you've earned it, perhaps not. To-day, with our assistance, you can and will *win it* in Literary competitions.

FOR ten years "The Competitors' Journal" has been helping people to win big money prizes.

EVERY week you will find our pages full of helpful articles, sound and practical advice.

THE Advisory scheme alone is invaluable.

THE Programme page gives you at a glance the amounts offered as prizes, examples and rules. There is also a special Football article and Forecast.

NO competitor can afford to be without

THE COMPETITORS' JOURNAL.

Send a postcard to-day and we will forward you FREE a specimen copy of this week's issue.

THE COMPETITORS' JOURNAL

2d. Every Saturday

Order a copy from your Newsagent or Bookstall

115, FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.4

THE ROMANCE OF BUSINESS

No. 5.—D. and W. Gibbs.

IF, seized by the spirit of adventure, you leave the well-charted ways of Long Acre and go East, by way of Whitechapel and Shadwell, to Wapping, you will come at length to a most prosaic looking factory devoted to the manufacture of every conceivable variety of toilet preparation.

If, sustained by the true explorer's spirit, you ignore the squalor and congestion of this unlovely region and seek out Gerald Gibbs in his tiny office, you leave the East End behind and pass at a stride into the land of history and romance.

For you have entered the house of Gibbs that looks down an unbroken chain of progress to the days when Queen Anne sat upon the Throne.

GERALD GIBBS, Advertising and Sales Director of the firm, is typical of the new spirit that has come into British business in recent years. Young, keenly enthusiastic, with "public school" written all over him, he combines the shrewdness of the older generation with the force and originality that only the energy of youth can supply.

When he entered the firm he began at the bottom. He carried buckets like any other new hand, went up the ladder step by step, became cashier, and not until he had been out on the road did he come back to assume the important post he occupies to-day. To go round the works with Gerald Gibbs is to receive a liberal education in the art of soap-making, for he speaks with authority, and from hard practical experience.

FROM 1923, with an advertising expenditure running well into six figures, back to 1712, when even in Court circles soap was not considered a toilet necessity, and was regarded with doubt and suspicion, is a far cry; yet it is six generations that link Gerald Gibbs with his ancester Alexander, of ancient Scottish lineage and fighting stock, who came from Dundee to London to open his City Soap Works in Grub Street of literary fame, and, in the house once owned by the notorious General Monk, laid the solid foundations of a firm that was to become an institution of British Commerce, honoured by Royal commands.

The rapid expansion of the business was severely checked by the Napoleonic Wars, and the privateering and piracy that played havoc with the world's shipping at that time. Still worse was the blow that fell in 1889 when, the grandsons of the founder being now in control, the old offices and works were destroyed by fire and all the valuable records of the firm's early activities were lost.

GERALD GIBBS.

But the dour determination and rugged character of Alexander Gibbs were mirrored in his descendants. An old gun factory was purchased at Wapping and the manufacture of an extensive range of products once more undertaken on an unusually large scale.

Gerald Gibbs is emphatic when he speaks of the force that has rejuvenated this ancient business. "Modern methods in sales and advertising saved it when, in 1910, trade was bad and many firms went to the wall." When you have a good thing to sell don't be afraid of telling the public about it—that is his motto, and the enormous British and French trade done by the House of Gibbs testifies both to the excellence of the products and the soundness of the methods used to exploit them.

His advertising ideals are simple. He believes in the "peak and valley" methods, the periodic "punch" rather than the even campaign, and in putting actual samples into the hands of the greatest possible number of people. And he proceeded to put his principles into practice by then and there putting samples into the hands of JOHN BULL.

Under the dominance of this youthful personality the House of Gibbs is entering on a new and extensive phase of activity. There is a steadily-growing, world-wide export trade being built up.

"BUSINESS is business" is a trite saying, true enough from the mere commercial point of view. But through the history of commercial enterprises that saw their birth in centuries past, the stories of their progress inseparably woven with the march of events, there runs a thread of gold that to the seeing eye changes this aphorism to the even truer one of "Business is Romance."

JOHN BULL'S LETTER BAG

(Continued from page 24.)

A. L. C. (Bournemouth).—"Canaries make good companions." So our cat thinks.

TOM (Bristol).—"I have heard of a new way of making money." What is it—work?

TOOTING-AMEN (Chatham).—"When was the Battle of the Nile?" August 1st, 1798.

Q. (Essex).—"My landlord is a bloodsucking vampire." Spoken like a true tenant.

PAUL PRY (Lewes).—"Can there be anything behind the French move?" Behind the "move" is a "stay."

YE KNIGHT (Blyth).—"Jealousy is at the bottom of most troubles." Thou hast e'en declaimed a mouthful, Sir Knight.

LIKE NIGGERS (Cardiff).—"Slavey is not yet abolished in England." We feared she was. We've been looking for one for months.

B. A. B. (Swansea).—"Wednesday is my lucky day." It is likewise an important occasion in the lives of hundreds of thousands of readers.

M. D. (Cairo).—"I am 19 and my hair is falling out." Have your head shaved.

S. (Dundee).—"I am a self-made man." We are glad that you accept all responsibility.

J. S. (Southport).—"Keep your eyes on the wicked girl." We always close ours modestly.

X. L. (Chichester).—"I'm sure 'J.B.' will make a noise in the world." Its present noise is "Boom!"

LITTLE JOHNNY (Birkenhead).—"What will be the next war?" Between Greece and Turkey in the spring.

DINKY (Rotherham).—"Your answers simply make me want to scream." Exactly the effect some letters have on us.

VICAR (Staffordshire).—"It is wicked to put boys into the church unless they have a special call to the work." Agreed.

CHILD OF TWENTY (Norwich).—"There is too much 'don't-do-that' about parents." But it saves a lot of "I-told-you-so."

(Many replies unavoidably held over.)

Bullets First Prize

£1,500

2nd Prize £250

10 PRIZES OF £5 · 10 PRIZES OF £2 · 10 PRIZES OF 10/-
100 PRIZES OF 5/- · 1000 PRIZES OF 2/6 · 3000 TARGET PRIZES
2,000 POPULAR NOVELS

3rd Prize £100

BIG WINNERS

Competitors for the £1,500 prize announced on this page should note that there is full scope for all forms of skilful wording in making *Bullets*. Here are a few winning lines of varying styles:—

The first of our record £1,500 prizes was won by "A Big Mistake—Thinking 'Firebrand' 'Liberty's Torch'"—a striking national line conveying a great truth. The second £1,500 went to a broadly humorous topical line: "Sooner The Better—Scrymgeour 'Goes Off Pop.'" The last £1,000 prize was won by a *Bullet* giving a clever double meaning: "Sooner Or Later—World Losing Its 'Heat.'" A recent £500 fell to the sparkling definition: "Principal Girl—'Peach' But Not 'Melba'"; while the £250 award was won last week by "Bit By Bit—Copied Sums—Then Signatures," a simple story, with a touch of grim humour, told in four words.

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness, and originality.
2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.
3. All four coupons may be used, and a postal order enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of, which must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed ____ and Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.
4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned.
5. The Editor undertakes that every "Bullet" received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.
6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

SELECTION OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 477.

ALL THE BEST	ALL I GET
MY BUSINESS	DARK AND FAIR
IN RIGHT HANDS	WONDERFUL
NO WAITING	BEYOND OUR MEANS
STUPID	TOO FRESH
NEW JOKE	WHAT BOBBY SAYS
SOUNDS A LOT	CROWDED
GETTING FIT	SPARKLING EYES
UP TO SAMPLE	ONLY A GIRL
YOUNG RASCAL	ON THE CARDS

These examples can be made use of on the Coupons on this page, and must reach us on or before THURSDAY, MARCH 15th. All Coupons so used MUST be marked clearly with the number 477 in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these Coupons must be addressed "Bullets" No. 477, JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C. 2. Such Coupons must not contain any of the Forty Examples for Competition No. 476.

"BULLETS" MADE EASIER—NO LETTER RESTRICTIONS.

All you have to do is to choose any of the Forty examples given. Then give any Two, Three, or Four words having some bearing on the example chosen. The Two, Three or Four words you give can **EACH begin with any letter in the alphabet.** This example will guide you: Example:— OUR BUSINESS. Bullet:—WANTS "GINGERING," THEN "PRESERVING." The entry fee for one coupon is 6d. If sending more than one enclose a postal order at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of.

ADDRESS ALL COUPONS TO "Bullets" No. 476, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C. 2.

No. ____ Closing Date, Thursday, March 8.
Example ____
Bullet ____
Example ____
Bullet ____
(476) P.O. No. ____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.
With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.
Signed ____
Address ____

No. ____ Closing Date, Thursday, March 8.
Example ____
Bullet ____
Example ____
Bullet ____
(476) P.O. No. ____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.
With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.
Signed ____
Address ____

No. ____ Closing Date, Thursday, March 8.
Example ____
Bullet ____
Example ____
Bullet ____
(476) P.O. No. ____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.
With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
Signed ____
Address ____

No. ____ Closing Date, Thursday, March 8.
Example ____
Bullet ____
Example ____
Bullet ____
(476) P.O. No. ____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.
With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.
Sign d ____
Address ____

If you desire to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION NO. 476.

PROSPEROUS TIMES
RAY OF HOPE
WELCOME BACK
PATH TO PEACE
GROWING FAST
READY FOR SPRING
LONDON
WORLD OF TROUBLE
MONDAY MORNING
IN SAME BOAT
HER RING
MILLION TO ONE
ONE FINE DAY
LATE AGAIN
WHEN CRASH COMES
CROWDED OUT
IN A MINUTE
A STAR
MAN WHO KNOWS
PASSING RICH
OWING TO US
WHERE NOW
NOT A SOUND
MY DEAR
LOT TO LEARN
NOBODY
AS THINGS GO
AFTER BUSINESS
WHAT I SAY
SAVE SEAT
THE RIGHT GIRL
IN MANY PARTS
MOTHER'S JOY
ALL OVER
LIBERTY
WELL AWAY
YOUNG BLOOD
JUST A FEW
COMING FIGHT
WHAT SHE LIKES

SPECIAL NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £10, £5 and £2 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the Winners of the Three Best "Bullets" Prizes in Competition No. 470 have purchased their copies of "John Bull."

The original Cheque for £250, awarded to the First Prizewinner in "Bullets" Competition No. 472, can now be seen in the window of Mr. S. W. GEE, LTD., Stage Supply Depot, and New Agent, 31, Princes Street, Cavendish Sq., W1.

From January 1st, 1923, the price of

WRIGHT'S Coal Tar Soap

(Toilet and Nursery)

Save your Wrappers

has been reduced to **6d.** per tablet

Save your Wrappers

and Bath size 10d. per tablet.

In this connection, the Proprietors have pleasure in announcing a

PRIZE COMPETITION

The Prizes will be awarded to those who send the greatest number of wrappers not later than April 30, 1923, under the following conditions:

£500 in Cash Prizes.

1st Prize	£100	20 prizes of	£10
2nd Prize	£50	15 prizes of	£5
3rd Prize	£25	25 prizes of	£2

CONDITIONS

1. Only printed wrappers which cover the outside of each tablet of Soap will be considered.
2. Each parcel of wrappers must bear the name and address of the sender, and the total number sent must be clearly written.
3. Wrappers should be neatly folded, delivered either by Registered Post, or otherwise in a sealed packet to address as under.
4. Names and addresses of Prize Winners will be published in the "Daily Mail," "Daily Express," "Daily Mirror," "Daily Sketch," May 31st.
5. In the event of ties, the prizes will be divided. The decision of the Managing Director of Wright, Layman & Umney, Ltd., will be final, and no correspondence in connection with this Competition will be entered into. Address: Prize Competition, Wright's Coal Tar Soap, 44/46, Southwark Street, London, S.E.1.

Last day for receiving wrappers, April 30, 1923.

'ATORA'

HUGON'S SHREDDED

BEEF SUET

FOR PIE CRUST, PUDDINGS, CAKES.

1½-lb. equals 2-lbs. raw suet. 'Atora' is sold in packets only and is the Original and Best.

DEY & PELTON, LTD.

(THOMAS HENRY DEY - - *Chairman*).

STOCK & SHARE DEALERS.

All descriptions of Stocks and Shares bought and sold at close Market Price.
NO COMMISSION. PAYMENT BY INSTALMENTS.
LIBERAL LOANS AGAINST SECURITIES.

All Stock purchased by clients on Instalment System immediately bought and held by us at Clients' disposal, and distinctive numbers of shares supplied to purchasers if desired.

DEY & PELTON, LTD.,
Egyptian House, 170-3, Piccadilly, LONDON, W.1.
Telegrams: YEDPELTO—Piccy—London. Telephone: REGENT 1620.

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